THE
Wild Gallant:
A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY HIS

MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

WRITTEN,

By JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

In the SAVOY.

Printed by *Tho. Newcomb*, for *H. Heringman*, at the *Blew-Anchor*, in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1669.

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Preface

I would be a great Impudence in Me to say much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent success in the action. Made the greater part condemn'd it; which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Though *Corneille* is more confident in his *Preface* before his *Pertharite*, which was condemn'd more Universally than this: for he avowes boldly, That in spight of Censure his *Play* was well, and regularly written; which is more than I dare say for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertisement of His Majesty, by His own Command.

But I have more modesty than to ascribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the first attempt I made in *Dramatique Poetry*; and, I find since, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the most difficult part of it. The Plot was not Originally my own: but so alter'd, by me (whether for the better or worse, I know not) that, whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt not but you will see in it, the uncorrectness of a young Writer: which is yet but a small excuse for him, who is so little amended since. The best Apology I can make for it, and the truest, is only this; That you have since that time receiv'd with Applause, as bad, and as uncorrect *Plays* from other Men.

PROLOGUE to the WILD GALLANT, as it was first Acted.

IS it not strange, to hear a Poet say,
He comes to ask you, how you like the Play?
You have not seen it yet! alas 'tis true,
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not You.
And cruel Factions (brib'd by Interest) come,
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doome:
Our Poet therefore, jealous of th' Event,
And (though much boldness takes) not confident,
Has sent me, whither you, fair Ladies, too
Sometimes upon as small occasions goe,
And from this Scheme, drawn for the hour and day,
Bid me inquire the fortune of his Play.

The Curtain drawn discovers two Astrologers; The Prologue is presented to them.

First Astrol. reads. *A Figure of the heavenly Bodies in their several Apartments,* Feb. *the* 5th. *half an hour after three after Noon, from whence you are to judge the success of a new Play called the* Wild Gallant.

2. Astrol. *Who must Judge of it, we, or these Gentlemen? We'l not meddle with it, so tell your Poet. Here are in this House the ablest Mathematicians in* Europe *for his purpose. They will resolve the question e'r they part.*

1. Ast. *Yet let us judge it by the rules of Art.*
First Jupiter, *the Ascendants Lord disgrae'd,*
In the twelfth House, and near grim Saturn *plac'd,*
Denote short life unto the Play:——

2. Ast.

2. Aſt. ——— Jove yet
In his Apartment Sagitary, ſet
Under his own Roof, cannot take much wrong;
1. Aſt. *Why then the Lifes not very ſhort, nor long;*
2. Aſt. *The Luck not very good, nor very ill,*
Prolo. *That is to ſay, 'tis as 'tis taken ſtill.*
1. Aſt. *But, Brother,* Ptolomy *the Learned ſays,*
'Tis the fifth houſe from whence we judge of Plays.
Venus *the Lady of that Houſe I find*
Is Peregrine, *your Play is ill deſign'd,*
It ſhould have been but one continued Song,
Or at the leaſt a Dance of 3 hours long.
2. Aſtr. *But yet the greateſt Miſchief does remain,*
The twelfth apartment bears the Lord of Spain;
Whence I conclude it is your Authors lot,
To be indanger'd by a Spaniſh Plot.
Prolo. *Our Poet yet protection hopes from you,*
But bribes you not with any thing that's new.
Nature is old, which Poets imitate,
And for Wit, thoſe that boaſt their own eſtate,
Forget Fletcher *and* Ben *before them went,*
Their Elder Brothers, and that vaſtly ſpent:
So much 'twill hardly be repair'd again,
Not, though ſupply'd with all the wealth of Spain:
This Play is Engliſh, *and the growth your own;*
As ſuch it yields to Engliſh *Plays alone.*
He could have wiſh'd it better for your ſakes;
But that in Plays he finds you love miſtakes:
Beſides he thought it was in vain to mend
What you are bound in honour to defend,
That Engliſh *Wit (how e'r deſpiſ'd by ſome)*
Like Engliſh *Valour ſtill may overcome.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE to the WILD-GALLANT Reviv'd.

AS some raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till one and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with some Sport which he alone does find,
And thinks a secret to all Humane kind;)
Till mightily in love, yet halfe afraid,
He first attempts the gentle Dairymaid:
Succeeding there, and led by the renown
Of Whetstones Park, *he comes in length to Town,*
Where enter'd, by some School-fellow, or Friend,
He grows to break Glass-Windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By such degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfletch'd Author, writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him monstrous lewd (I'l lay my life)
Because suspected with his Landlords Wife:
But since his knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very civil man:
And, much asham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis some amends his frailties to confess;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedness:
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His frank confession shows he has some grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young beginner,
And almost spoyl'd a very hopeful sinner:
But, if once more you slight his weak indeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn tail for ever.

The

THE Wild Gallant.

A

The Scene *LONDON.*

Names of the Persons.

Lord *Nonsuch*,	An old rich humorous Lord.
Justice *Trice*,	His Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby*,	The Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous*,	A bashful Knight.
Failer, *Burr*,	Hangers on of Sir *Timorous*.
Bibber,	A Taylor.
Setstone,	A Jeweller.

Women.

Lady *Constance*,	Lord *Nonsuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Isabelle*,	Her Cousin.
Mrs. *Bibber*,	The Taylers Wife.

Sergeants.
Boy to *Loveby*.
Servants.
A Bawd and Whores.
Watch and Constable.

The

THE Wild Gallant.

SCENE LONDON.

Act I. Scene I.

Failer *entering to* Burr; *who is putting on his Buff-coat.*

Fail. WHat! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not consider my Voyage from *Holland* last night.

Fail. Pish, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Cousins Maids will come and Blancket thee anon: Art thou not ashamed to lie a Bed so long?

Burr. I may be more ashamed to rise; and, so you'l say, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the best is, my Buff-coat will cover all.

Fail. I gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: thy Doublet and Breeches are Guelphs and Ghibellins to one another; and the flitches of thy Doublet are so

ſo far aſunder, that it ſeems to hang together by the teeth. No Man could ever gueſs to what part of the Body theſe fragments did belong, unleſs he had been acquainted with 'em as long as thou haſt been. If they once loſe their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, muſt not think to do't by ſtorme; no, he muſt win it inch by inch, as the *Turk* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Wardrobe: but, till I am provided of a better, I am reſolv'd to receive all Viſits in this Truckle-bed.

Fail. Then will I firſt ſcotch the Wheeles of it, that it may not run; thou haſt Cattle enough in it, to carry it down ſtairs, and break thy Neck: 'tis got a yard nearer the door already.

Enter Boy.

Sir, Mr. *Bibber* your Taylor's below, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Fail. He's an honeſt Fellow, and a faſhionable, he ſhall ſet thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but Where's the Money for this, dear Heart?

Fail. —— Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths, without Money? [*aſide.*

Burr. You ſpeak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you not know *Will. Bibbers* humor?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his humor?

Fail. Break but a Jeſt, and he'll beg to truſt thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own deſtruction, and give thee occaſions to make one: he has been my Artificer theſe three years; and, all the while I have liv'd upon his favourable apprehenſion: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit* Boy.

Burr. But, What am I the better for this? I ne'r made Jeaſt in all my life.

Fail. A bare clinch will ſerve the turne; a Carwhichet, a Quatterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Countrey-Soldier? One that has converſ'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* theſe ten yeares! What an unreaſonable Rogue art thou? why, I tell thee, tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Money.

Fail. Come,

Fail. Come, you ſhall be rul'd for your own good: Lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation: and, upon the firſt opportunity, ſtart you up, and ſurprize him with a Jeaſt.

Burr. Well, I think this impoſſible to be done: but, however I'll attempt.

[*Lies down*, Failer *covers him.*

Fail. Huſht! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer:* What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better opinion of thy Wit, than to think, thou would'ſt come to ſo little purpoſe.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my buſineſs is to drink my mornings-Draught in Sack with you.

Fail. Will not Ale ſerve the turne, *Will?*

Bib. I had too much of that laſt night; I was a little diſguis'd, as they ſay.

Fail. Why diſguis'd? Hadſt thou put on a clean Band, or waſh'd thy Face lately? thoſe are thy Diſguiſes, *Bibber.*

Bibb. Well, in ſhort, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale; great Hogen Mogen bloody Ale: I was porterly drunk; and that I hate of all things in Nature.

Burr Riſing: And of all things in Nature I love it beſt.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Becauſe when I am porterly drunk, I can carry my ſelf.

Bib. Ha, ha Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings ſad Newes to you *Will*: you muſt truſt him for a Suit of Cloaths, as bad as 'tis: come, he's an honeſt Fellow, and loves the King.

Bib. Why? it ſhall be my Suit to him, that I may truſt him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir,

Fail. Burr, make haſt and dreſs you: Sir *Timorous* Dines here to day you know him.

Burr. I, I, a good honeſt young Fellow; but, no Conjurer; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I gad we two have a conſtant Revenue out of him: he would now be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*,

my Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardneſs?

Fail. He never ſaw her before yeſterday, and will not be brought to ſpeak to her this Moneth yet.

Burr. That's ſtrange.

Fail. Such a baſhful Knight did I never ſee; but we muſt move for him.

Bib. They ſay here's a great Dinner to be made to day here, at your Couſin *Trices*, on purpoſe for the enterview.

Burr. What he keeps up his old humour ſtill?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires eating and drinking well, as much as ever, and meaſures every Man's wit by the goodneſs of his Pallat.

Burr. Who Dines here beſides?

Fail. Jack Loveby.

Bib. O, my Ghelt.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-ſpirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts: a Debauche.

Burr. I love him the better for't: the beſt Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him, from three Generations: What fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Eſtate: he had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: he's a bold Fellow, I vow to Gad: a perſon that keeps company with his betters; and commonly has Gold in's pockets: come *Bibber*; I ſee thou long'ſt to be at thy mornings watering: I'll try what credit I have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble Feſtus, and new Cuſtomer.

Fail. Now will he drink till his Face be no bigger than a three-pence. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Loveby *and* Boy; *follow'd by* Frances, Bibbers *Wife.*

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, sweet Landlady, hold thy tongue: Was't not enough thou hast scolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as I rent it, is my Castle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trices*, where I am Invited; and to discredit me before strangers, for a lowsy, Paltry summ of Money?

Franc. I tell you truely, Mr. *Loveby*, my husband and I cannot live by Love, as they say; we must have wherewithal, as they say; and pay for what we take; and so shall you, or some shall smoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! why a piece of hung Beefe in *Holland* is not more smoakt, than thou hast Smoak'd me already. Thou know'st I am now fasting; let me have but fair play; when I have lin'd my sides with a good dinner, I'll ingage upon reputation to come home again, and thou shalt scold at me all the afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allowes none to scold in their own causes: What do'st thou think the Lawyers take our money for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deale by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they say?

Lov. Then I should beat him most unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fubb me off with your Jeasts as you do my Husband, but it wonn't be: yonder he comes, and company with him; Husband, husband; why *William* I say!

Enter Bibber, Burr, *and* Failer *at the other end.*

Lov. Speak softly, and I will satisfie thee.

Franc. You shall not satisfie me, Sir; pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing besides, that shall be nameless.

Lov. What a Stygian woman's this to talk thus? hold thy tongue till they be gone, or I'll Cuckold thy husband.

Franc. You

Franc. You Cuckold him —— would you durſt Cuckold him; I will not hold my tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonders my Gueſt; What ſay you Gentlemen? Shall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I muſt make a looſe from her, there's no other way: Save ye Mr. *Failer*; Is your Couſin *Trice* ſtirring yet: anſwer me quickly Sir, Is your Couſin *Trice* yet ſtirring?

Fail. I'll go and ſee, Sir; ſure the man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to Gad I have no mind to be beaten by him: come away *Burr: Will*, you'll follow us.

Bib. I'll be with you immediately--- [*Exeunt* Burr, Failer.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer, Will?*

Bib. A man at Armes, that's come from *Holland.*

Lov. A man out at Armes thou mean'ſt, *Will.*

Bib. Good I'faith.

Fran. I, I; you run queſting up and down after your Gambols, and your Jeaſts *William*; and never minde the main Chance, as they ſay: pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-Houſe*, with the *Apricot* flavour *Will:* hang a Wife; What is ſhe, but a lawful kind of Manſlayer? every little hugg in bed, is a degree of murdering thee: and for thy Children fear u'm not: thy part of u'm ſhall be Taylors, and they ſhall truſt; and thoſe thy Cuſtomers get for thee ſhall be Gentlemen, and they ſhall be truſted by their Brethren; and ſo thy children ſhall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that *Frances?* there was wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my face, and yet for my heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you love *Frances*, Sir; and I love her the better for your ſake; ſpeak truely, Do you not like ſuch a pretty brown kind of woman?

Lov. I do I'faith, *Will*; your fair Women have no ſubſtance in u'm; they ſhrink ith' wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will Husband: I hear there are 2 or 3 Actions already out againſt him: you may be the laſt, if you think good.

Bib. 'Tis true ſhe tel's me; I love your wit well Sir; but I muſt cut my coat according to my cloath.

Franc. Sir,

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from week to week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady ——

Franc. Will good Landlady ſet on the Pot, as they ſay; or make the Jack goe; then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now ſhe's too much on t'other hand: hold your prating *Frances*; or I'll put you out of your Pater Noſters with a ſorrow to you.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they ſay, whereby to get our money in: but if you knew how he has us'd me Husband.

Bib. Has he us'd you *Frances*; put ſo much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honeſt *Will*, and ſo he dy'd; I thank thee little *Bibber*, being ſober, and when I am drunk, I will kiſs thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my money, Sir; though I could not forbear my jeaſt, I do not intend to loſe by you; if you pay me not the ſooner, I muſt provide you another Lodging; ſay I gave you warning.

Lov. Againſt next quarter Landlord?

Bib. Of an hour Sir.

Lov. That's ſhort warning, *Will*.

Bib. By this hand you ſhall up into the Garret where the little bed is; I'll let my beſt roome to a better pay-maſter; you know the Garret, Sir.

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token Husband.

Lov. I ſweat to think of that Garret, *Will*; thou art not ſo unconſcionable to put me there: why 'tis a kind of little eaſe, to cramp thy rebellious Prentices in; I have ſeen an Uſurers Iron Cheſt would hold two on't: a penny Looking-glaſs cannot ſtand upright in the Window; that and the Bruſh fills it: the Hat-caſe muſt be diſpos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-caſe will hang down from the Seeling to the Floore. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I muſt ſtay till I am empty before I can get out: and if I chance to ſpill the Chamber-pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the deſcription of the Garret, I'll bate you ſomething of the Bill.

Lov. All, all, good *Will*; or to ſtay thy fury till my Rents come up; I will deſcribe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather deſcribe your own little money; I am ſure that's ſo little, it is not viſible.

Lov. You

Lov. You are ith' right, I have not a croſs at preſent, as I am a ſinner; and you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inſide outward. —— —— Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pockets heavy? Has my ſmall Officer put in Counters to abuſe me? ——How now, yellow Boyes, by this good light! Sirrah, Varlet, How came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you meane, Sir? the Devil-a-piece you had this morning: in theſe laſt three weekes I have almoſt forgot what my Teeth were made for; laſt night good Mrs. *Bibber* here took pitty on me, and crumm'd me a Meſs of Gruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four times to my mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis ſtrange, how I ſhould come by ſo much Money! (*aſide.* Has there been no body about my Chamber this morning Landlady?

Boy. O yes, Sir; I forgot to tell you that: this Morning a ſtrange Fellow, as ever eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were aſleep; but when he came down again, he ſaid, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this Fellow, who e'r he was, was ſent by Fortune to miſtake me into ſo much Money.—Well, this is not the firſt time my neceſſities have been ſtrangely ſupply'd: ſome *Cadua* or other has a kindneſs for me, that's certain: (*aſide.* —— Well Monſieur *Bibber*, from henceforward I'l keep my wit for more refin'd ſpirits; you ſhall be paid with dirt; —— there's Money for you.

Bib. Nay, Good Sir. ——

Lov. What's your ſumm? tell it out: Will the Money burn your fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation —— Gives him Gold. [*Exit* Boy. Mr. *Taylor*, I ſhall turn the better Bill-man, and knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not anſwer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray Sir, trouble not your ſelf; 'tis nothing; I feck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing Sir?

Franc. And't pleaſe your worſhip, it was ſeventeen pounds and a Noble, yeſterday at noon, your worſhip knows: and then your worſhip came home ill laſt night, and complain'd of your worſhips head; and I ſent for 3 Diſhes of *Tea* for your good worſhip, and that was ſix pence more, and pleaſe your worſhip's honor.

Lov. Well;

Lov. Well; there's eighteen peices, tell n'm.

Bib. I say, *Frances*, do not take n'm.

Lov. What, Is all your pleading of necessity come to this?

Bib. Now I see he will pay he shall not pay; *Frances*, go home, and fetch him the whole bag of forty pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Lease of the House too, he shall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Money, or I'll leave your house.

Bib. Nay, rather than displease his Worship, take it. (*She takes it.*

Lov. So, so; go home quietly, and Suckle my God-son, *Francis*. (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the way. (*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. No, my first visit shall be to my Mistriss, the Lady *Constance Nonsuch*; She's discreet, and how the Devil she comes to love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident she loves me: well, no woman can be wiser than you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Constance *and Madam* Isabelle.

Isa. Look, look; Is not that your Servant, *Loveby*?

Love. 'Tis she; there's no being seen, till I am better habited— (*Exit* Loveby.

Const. Let him go, and take no notice of him: poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his poverty.

Isa. And less, that you supply it by an unknown hand.

Const. I, and falsified my Fathers Keyes to do it.

Isa. How can you answer this to your discretion?

Const. Who could see him want she loves?

Enter Setstone.

Isa. Oh here's Mr. *Setstone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Const. Wellcome *Setstone*; Hast thou perform'd thy visit Happily, and without discovery?

Set. As you would wish it, Madam; I went up to his Chamber without interruption, and there found him Drowning his cares, and pacifying his hunger with sleep; Which advantage I took, and undiscovered by him left The Gold divided in his Pockets.

Const. Well, this Money will furnish him I hope, that we may have his company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good pounds, Madam! Has your Father miss'd it yet?

Const. No; if he had, we should have all heard out before now: but, pray God Monsieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's ransom'd: What a Knot of women has the Landlady?

Set. Well enough to serve a Tailor, or to kiss when he comes home drunk, or wants Money; but, farr unlikely to create jealousie in your Ladyship.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Justice *Trice* desires your Ladiships excuse, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his hour to you; he is dispatching a little business, about which he is carefully employed.

Const. He's Master of his own occasions. [*Exit* Servant.

Isa. We shall see him anon with his Face as red, as if it had been boyl'd in Pump-water: but, When comes this Mirror of Knighthood that is to be presented you for your Servant?

Const. Oh, 'tis well thought on; Faith thou know'st my affections are otherwise dispos'd; he's rich, and thou want'st a Fortune; atchieve him if thou can't; 'tis but trying, and thou hast as much wit as any Wench in *England.*

Isa. On condition you'l take it for a Courtesie to be rid of an Ass, I care not if I marry him: the old foole, your Father, would be so importunate to match you with a young Foole, that partly for quietness sake I am content to take him.

Const. To take him! then you make sure on't.

Isa. As sure, as if the Sack Posset were already eaten.

Const. But, What meanes will thou use to get him?

Isa. I'l bribe *Failer*, he's the man.

Const. Why this Knight is his inheritance, he lives upon him: Do'st thou think he'l ever admit thee to govern him? no, he fears thy wit too much: believe, he has already received an hundred pound to make the Match between Sir *Timorous* and me.

Isa. 'Tis

Isa. Wis all one for that; I warrant you, he sells me Fee-simple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam.——

Enter Nonsuch.

Isab. The Tempest is risen; I see it in his face; he puffs and blowes yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upwards and downwards in his belly.

Set. Will he not find your false Keyes, Madam?

Isa. I hope he will have more Humanity than to search us.

Const. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd, I am robb'd; I have utterly lost all stomach to my dinner.

Const. Robb'd! good my Lord how, or of what?

Non. Two hundred and fifty pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: an hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I protest, my Lord, I had as much a do to get that parcel of Gold for your Lordship.

Non. You must get me as much more against to morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Isa. Nay, if that be all, there's no such hast: the Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

Const. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? he may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-window: the grass is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go see immediately.

Enter Failer, Burr, Timorous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord.

Non. He's wellcome.

Fail. And this the particular of his Estate.

Non. That's wellcome too.

Fail. But, besides the Land here mentioned, he has wealth in specie.

Non. A very fine young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I suppose my Estate will speak for me; yet, if you please to put in a word.

Non. That will I instantly.

Tim. I hope I shall have your good word too Madam, to your Cousin for me; [*To* Isabelle.]

Isa. Any thing within my power, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. Daughter, here's a person of Quality, and one that loves and honours you exceedingly ——

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! you discover all at first dash.

Non. Let me alone, Sir; I have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Constance*, here's a Knight in love with you, Childe.

Const. In love with me, my Lord, it is not possible.

Non. Here he stands that will make it good, Childe.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladyship has a better opinion of me than so.

Non. What, Are not you in love with my Daughter? I'll be Sworn you told me so but ev'n now: I'll eat Words for no man.

Tim. If your Ladyship will believe all reports that are raised on Men of Quality ——

Non. He told it me with his own mouth, Childe: I'll eat words for no man; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him so but just now, fye, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. He shall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thousand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would speak for him: I'll eat no mans words; that's more than ever *I* told him yet.

Isa. You need not keep such a pudder about eating his words; you see he has eaten u'm already for you.

Non. I'll make him stand to his words, and he shall not marry my Daughter neither: by this good day, I will — (*Exit* Nonsuch.

Const. 'Tis an ill day to him; he has lost 250 *l.* in't. (*To* Isab.

Burr. He swears at the rate of two thousand pounds a year, if the *Rump* Act were still in being.

Fail. He's in passion man; and besides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What

Bun. What noise is that? I think I hear your Cousin *Trice's* voice.

Fail. I'll go see —— *Exit* Fail.

Isab. Come Sir *Timerous*, be not discourag'd: 'tis but an old mans frowardness; he's always thus against raine.

Enter Failer.

Fail. O Madam follow me quickly; and if you do not see sport Melancholy be upon my head. ——

Exeunt omnes.

The Scene changes, and Trice *is discovered playing at Tables by himself, with Spectacles on, a Bottle, and Parmezan by him; they return and see him, undiscovered by him.*

Trice: Cinque and Cater: my Cinque I play here Sir, my Cater here Sir: Now for you Sir: but first I'll drink to you Sir; upon my faith I'll do you reason Sir: mine was thus full Sir: pray mind your play Sir: —Size Ace I have thrown: I'll play em at length Sir: —— will you Sir? then you have made a blot Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you Sir.

——I think you can cog a Dye Sir.

——I cog a Dye Sir? I play as fair as you, or any man.

—— You lye Sir, how lye Sir; I'll teach you what 'tis to give a Gentleman the lye Sir. ——

throws down the Tables.

They all laugh and discover themselves.

Isab. Is this your serious business?

Trice: O you rogue are you there? you are welcome huswife, and so are you *Constance*, *fa tol de re tol de re la.*

claps their backs.

Isab. Prithee be not so rude *Trice.*

Trice: Huswife *Constance*, I'll have you into my Larder, and shew you my provision: I have Cocles, dainty fat Cocles that came in the night; if they had seen the day I would not have given a fart for u'm. I would the King had u'm.

Const. He has as good I warrant you.

Trice: Nay, thats a lye, I could sit and cry for him sometimes; he

he does not know what 'tis to eat a good meal in a whole year: his Cooks are Asses: I have a delicate dish of Ruffs to dinner Sirrah.

Const. To dinner!

Trice: To dinner! why by supper they had been past their prime. I'll tell thee the story of 'um: I have a friend.——

Enter Serv.

Sir, Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice: Well, well; I have a friend as I told you.——

Serv. Dinner stayes Sir; 'tis Dinner that stayes: sure he will hear now.

Trice. I have a friend as I told you——

Isab. I believe he's your friend, you are so loath to part with him——

Trice. Away; away;——I'll tell you the story between the courses. Go you to the Cook immediately, sirrah, and bring me word what we have to supper, before we go to dinner; I love to have the satisfaction of the day before me.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. II. Scene II.

Enter as from Dinner, Trice, Timerous, Failer, Burr, Constance, Isabelle.

Trice. SPeak thy conscience; was it not well drest sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park, after our plenteous entertainment Madam?

Isab. I defie the Park, and all its works.

Const. Come, Mr. *Trice*, we'll walk in your Garden.

Exeunt, prater Failer *and* Burr.

Fail. O, one thing I had almost forgot to tell you: one of us two must ever be near Sir *Timerous*.

Burr: Why?

Fail. To guard our interest in him from the Enemy Madam *Isabelle*,

belle; who, I doubt, has designes upon him. I do not fear her wit, but her sex, she carries a prevailing argument about her.

Enter Bibber *with a Bottle.*

Bib. By this hand, I have light upon the best wine in your Cousins Cellar: drink but one glass to me, to shew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honest *Will*, 'tis a cup of forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you Sir, I'll pledge you —— now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't *Will*?

Bib. 'Tis what you christned it, a cup of forbearance Sir.

Fail. Why, I drank that to thee *Will*, that thou shouldst forbear thy money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; hence forward I'll forbear working for you.

Fail. Then say I: take a little Bibber, and throw him in the river, and if he will trust never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. then say I; take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jailour; and there let him lye, till he has paid his Taylor.

Bur. You are very smart upon one another Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us, I use to tell him of his Title, *Fiery Face*, and his fleeting dog, that runs into Ale-houses before him, and comes questing out again, if any of the Woots his customers be within.

Bib. I faith 'tis true; and I use to tell him of his two Capons tails about his hat, that are laid spread eagle wise to make a feather; I would go into the snow at any time, and in a quarter of an hour I would come in with a better feather upon my head; and so farewell Sir; I have had the better on you hitherto, and for this time I am resolved to keep it. *Exit Bibber.*

Fail. The rogue's too hard for me; but the best on 't is, I have my revenge upon his purse.

Enter Isabelle.

Isab. Came not Sir *Timerous* this way, Gentlemen? he left us in the Garden, and said he would look out my Lord *Nonsuch*, to make his peace with him.

Fail.

Fail. Madame, *I* like not your enquiring after Sir *Timerous*: *I* ſuſpect you have ſome deſign upon him; you would fain undermine your Couſin, and marry him your ſelf.

Iſab. Suppoſe *I* ſhould deſign it; what are you the worſe for my good fortune? Shall *I* make a propoſition to you: I know you two carry a great ſtroke with him: make the match between us, and propound to your ſelves, what advantages you can reaſonably hope: you ſhall chouſe him of horſes, cloaths, and money, and *I'll* wink at it.

Bur. And if he will not be chouſ'd, we ſhall beat him out on't.

Iſab. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us handſel of the bargain, let us enjoy you, and 'tis a match.

Iſab. Grammarcy ifaith boyes; *I* love a good offer how e'r the world goes: but you would not be ſo baſe to wrong him that way.

Fail. *I* vow to gad but *I* would Madam: in a horſe or a woman *I* may lawfully cheat my own Father: beſides, *I* know the Knights complexion; he would be ſure to follow other women, and all that.

Iſab. Nay, if he fought with the ſword, he ſhould give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Bur. What ſay you Madam? is't a bargain.

Iſab. 'Tis but a promiſe; and *I* have learnt a Court trick for performing any thing. (aſide) Well Gentlemen, when *I* am married *I'll* think upon you; you'll grant there's a neceſſity *I* ſhould Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my ſelf a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that, for look you he's a perſon fit for nothing elſe; but *I* fear we ſhall not have the graffing of the horns: we muſt have Livery and Seiſin before hand of you, or *I* proteſt to gad we believe you not.

Iſa. *I* have paſt my word; is't not ſufficient? what do you think *I* would tell a lie to ſave ſuch a paltrie thing as a nights lodging? Hark you Sir: (to *Burr*)

Fail. Now will ſhe attempt *Burr*; igad ſhe has found him out for the weaker veſſel.

Iſa. *I* have no kindneſs for that *Failer*, we'll ſtrike him out, and manage Sir *Timerous* our ſelves.

Burr: Indeed we wonnot.

Iſa. *Failer*'s a Rook, and beſides, he's ſuch a debauch'd fellow.

Burr: *I* am ten times worſe.

Iſa.

Isa. Leave it, and him that taught it you: you have virtuous inclinations, and I would not have you ruine your self. He that serves many Mistresses, surfeits on his diet, and grows dead to the whole sex: 'tis the folly in the world next long ears and braying.

Bur. Now I'm sure you have a mind to me; when a woman once falls to preaching, the next thing is ever use and application.

Isa. Forbear your rudeness —

Bur. Then I am sure you meant to jilt me: you decline *Failer* because he has wit; and you think me such an ass, that you may pack me off so soon as you are married; no, no, I'll not venture certainties for uncertainties.

Isa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this fellow was saying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam.

Isa. That you were one of the errantest Cowards in Christendom, though you went for one of the Dear Hearts: that your name had been upon more posts than play-bills: and that he had been acquainted with you these seven years, drunk and sober, and yet could never fasten a quarrel upon you.

Bur. Do you believe this, Dear Heart?

Isa. If you deny it, I'll take his sword, and force you to confess it.

Fail. I vow to gad, this will not do, Madam: you shall not set us at variance so easily; neither shall you have Sir *Timerous.*

Isa. No! then mark my words: *I*'ll marry him in spight of you; and which is worse you shall both work my ends; and *I*'ll discard you for your pains.

Fail. You shall not touch a bit of him: *I*'ll preserve his humbles from you igad; they shall be his Keepers fees.

Bur. She shall cut an Atome sooner than divide us.

Exeunt Burr *and* Failer.

Enter Constance.

Con. I have given 'um the slip in the Garden, to come and overhear thee: no fat overgrown virgin of forty ever offer'd her self so dog cheap, or was more despis'd: me-thinks now this should mortifie thee exceedingly.

Isa. Not a whit the more for that: Cousin mine, our Sex is not so easily put out of conceit with our own beauties.

Con. Thou hast lost the opinion of thy honesty, and got nothing in recompence: now that's such an oversight in a Lady.

Isab. You are deceiv'd; they think me too virtuous for their purpose; but I have yet another way to try, and you shall help me.

Enter Loveby *new habited.*

Const. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: where have you been this fortnight.

Lov. Faith, Madam, out of Town to see a little thing that's fallen to me upon the death of a Grandmother.

Const. You thank death for the windfall, Servant: but why are you not in mourning for her.

Lov. Troth Madam it came upon me so suddenly I had not time: twas a fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Isab. Why, was your Grandmother so young you could not look for her decease?

Lov. Not for that neither; but I had many other kindred whom she might have left it to, only she heard I liv'd here in fashion, and spent my money in the eye of the world.

Const. You forge these things prettily; but I have heard you are as poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one foot of land in all the world.

Lov. Rivals tales, Rivals tales, Madam.

Const. Where lies your land, Sir?

Lov. I'll tell you Madam, it has upon it a very fair Manor house; from one side you have in prospect an hanging Garden.

Isa. Who was hang'd there? not your Grandmother I hope?

Lov. In the midst of it you have a Fountain: you have seen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will serve to give you a slight image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a River through a Perspective of fruit-trees; and beyond the River you see a Mead so flowry: well I shall never be at quiet, till we two make hay there.

Const. But where lies this Paradice?

Lov. Pox on't, I am thinking to tell it, it has such a villanous unpleasant name; it would have sounded so harsh in a Ladies ear. But for the Fountain, Madam ——

Const. The Fountain's a poor excuse, it will not hold water; come the name, the name.

Lov. Faith it is come so lately into my hands, that I have forgot the name ont.

Isa.

Isab. That's much, now, you should forget the name, and yet could make such an exact description of the place.

Lov. If you will needs know, the nam's *Bawdy*; sure this will give a stop to their curiosity. (*aside.*)

Isa. At least you'll tell us in what County it lies, that my Cousin may send to enquire about it; come, this shall not serve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be somewhat too far to send; it lies in the very North of *Scotland.*

Isa. In good time, a Paradice in the *Highlands*; is't not so Sir?

Const. It seems you went Post, Servant: in troth you are a rank rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, stay and take possession, and return again, in ten days time.

Isa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* woman: is she not a *Tartar* too: pray whistle for her, and lets see her dance: come —whist Grannee!

Const. Fie fie Servant; what no invention in you? all this while a studying for a name of your Manor? come, come, where lyes it? tell me.

Lov. No faith, I am wiser than so; I'll discover my Seat to no man; so I shall have some damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my title to defeat me of it.

Const. How then shall I be satisfied there is such a thing in Nature?

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you shall have it: Enquire into my money, there's the triall.

Const. Since you are so flush, Sir, you shall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred pounds.

Isa. That was too severe; you know he has but 250 *l.* to bestow. [*to her*]

Lov. Well you shall have it, Madam: but I cannot higgle: I know you'll say it did not cost above 200 pieces.

Isa. I'll be hangd if he does not present you with a parcel of melted Flints set in gold, or *Norfolk* pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman you are so keen: —Madam, this night I have appointed business, to morrow I'll wait upon you with it.

Exit Loveby.

Isa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Land-

lady, all his Money will be gone: but, Do you meane to profecute your plot, to ſee him this evening?

Conſt. Yes, and that very privately, if my Father know it I am undone.

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. I heard him ſay this night he had appointed buſineſs.

Set. Why that was it Madam; according to your order I put on a diſguiſe, and found him in the *Temple*-Walkes: having drawn him aſide, I told him, if he expected happineſs, he muſt meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the back-ſide of Mr. *Trices* houſe, juſt at the cloſe of evening; there he ſhould be ſatisfied from whom he had his ſupplies of Money.

Conſt. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold Hector of *Troy*; without the leaſt doubt or ſcruple: but, the jeaſt on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Conſt. Sure he was afraid to come then?

Set. Quite contrary; he told me *I* need not be ſo ſhy, to acknowledge my ſelf to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt ſo much civility, as not to preſs his Friend to a farther diſcovery than he was pleas'd: *I* ſhould ſee *I* had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courteſie *I* ſhould confer on him he would not be unthankful; for he hated ingratitude of all things.

Conſt. 'Twas well carried not to diſabuſe him: *I* laugh to think what ſport *I* ſhall have anon, when *I* convince him of his lies, and let him know *I* was the Devil to whom he was beholding for his Money: go *Setſtone*; and in the ſame diſguiſe be ready for him.

(*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. How dare you truſt this fellow?

Conſt. *I* muſt truſt ſome body; gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him faithful.

To them, Burr, Failer, Timorous, Trice, Nonſuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no picque at it: 'tis not given to all men to be confident: Igad you ſhall ſee Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occaſion.

Non. A

Non A raw mieking Boy.

Isa. And what are you but an old Boy of five and fifty; *I* never knew any thing so humorsome. —— I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*, I'll speak for you.

Non. Would'st thou have me be friends with him! for thy sake he shall onely add five hundred a year to her Joynture, and I'll be satisfied: come you hither, Sir.

Here Trice *and* Nonsuch *and* Timorous, *talk privately*; Burr *with* Failer *apart*; Constance *with* Isabelle.

Const. You'l not find your account in this trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Isa. I warrant you 'twill pass upon *Burr* for a time: so my revenge, and your interest will go on together.

Fail. Burr, there's mischief a brewing, *I* know it by their whispring I Vow to Gad: look to your self, their designs on you; for my part I am a person that am above u'm.

Tim. to *Trice:* But then you must speak for me Mr. *Trice*; and you too my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look to't Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'l make the bargain.

Isa. You were ever good in a Flesh Market.

Trice. Come you little Harlotry; What satisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffs came in?

Const. Why I left you to u'm, that ever invite your own belly to the greatest part of all your feasts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here Huswife, with a plentiful Fortune to furnish out a Table; and, What would you more? Would you be an *Angel* in Heaven?

Isab. Your minds ever upon your belly.

Trice. No; 'tis sometimes upon yours: but, What say'st thou to Sir *Timorous*, little *Constance*?

Const. Would you have me married to that King *Midas* Face?

Trice. Midas me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he understands eating and drinking well: *Poeta coquus*, the heathen Philosopher, could tell you that.

Const. Come.

Const. Come on Sir; What's your will with me? (*Laughs*)

Tim. Why Madam, I could onely wish we were a little better acquainted, that we might not Laugh at one another so.

Const. If the Fool puts forward I am undone.

Tim. Fool! Do you know me Madam?

Const. You may see I know you, because I call you by your name.

Fail. You must endure these rebukes with patience, Sir *Timorous.*

Const. What, Are you Planet-strook? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman is Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is past enduring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous.*

Non. I say 'tis past enduring; that's more than ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a fool of my Daughter?

Isa. Why Lord —

Non. Why Lady— (*Exit* Nonsuch.

Trice. Let's follow the old Man, and pacifie him.

Isa. Now Cousin —— *Exeunt* Isabelle, Trice, Burr.

Const. Well Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the rest would have endeavoured a thing so much against my inclination as this Marriage: if you had been acquainted with my heart, I am sure you would not.

Fail. What can the meaning of this be? you would not have me believe you love me; and yet how otherwise to understand you I vow to Gad I cannot comprehend.

Const. I did not say I lov'd you, but if I should take a fancy to your Person and Humour, I hope it is no Crime to tell it you; Women are ty'd to hard, unequal Laws: the passion is the same in us, and yet we are debarr'd the freedome to express it. You make poor *Grecian* beggars of us Ladies; our desires must have no language; but onely be fastned to our breasts.

Fail. Come, come; I Gad I know the whole Sex of you: your Love's at best but a kind of blind-mans-buff, catching at him that's next in your way.

Const. Well, Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late, you'l see how unjust you have been to me. —— I have said too much already. (*Is going.*)

Fail. Nay,

Fail. Nay, nay dear Madam, I Vow to Gad my fortunes better than I could imagine.

Const. No, pray let me go Sir, perhaps I was in jeast.

Fail. Really Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth and all that, that I Vow to Gad I honour you of all persons in the World, and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would——

Const. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my life and fortunes, I Vow to Gad, Madam.

Enter Isabelle, Burr, *and* Timorous *at a distance from them.*

Isa. There's *Failer* close in Talk with my Cousin, he's soliciting your Suit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous* do but observe with what passion he courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her hand though.

Isa. Come, you are such a jealous Coxcomb, I warrant you suspect there's some amour between u'm; there can be nothing in't it is so open: pray observe.

Burr. But, How come you so officious, Madam; you, that e'n now had a design upon Sir *Timorous* for your self?

Isa. I thought you had a better opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earnest. My Cousen may do what she pleases, but he shall never pin himself upon me assure him.

Const. Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a person he has to *Fail.* employed in making Love! *aloud.*

Burr. How's this? Pray my Lady *Constance*, What's the meaning of that you say to *Failer*?

Fail. What luck was this, that he should over-hear you! Pax on't.

Const. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that satisfaction, what you have heard you may interpret as you please.

Tim. The Rascal has betray'd me.

Isa. In earnest, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr* be pacify'd; you are a Person I have an ho-

nour

nour for; and this change of Affaires shall not be the worse for you I gad Sir.

Const. Bear up resolutely Mr. *Failer*, and maintain my Favours, as becomes my Servant.

Burr. He maintain 'm! go you *Judas*! I'll teach you what 'tis to play fast and loose with a Man of Warr. (*Kicks him.*

Tim. Lay it on *Burr.*

Isa. Spare him not, *Burr.*

Const. Fear him not, *Servant.*

Fail. Oh, oh; would nobody were on my side; here I am prais'd I Vow to Gad into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Const. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but, come not near me to night, while I'm in wrath. (*Exeunt* Burr *and* Timorous.

Const. Come, Sir; How fare you after your fore trial: you bore it with a most heroick patience.

Isa. Brave man at Armes, but weak to *Balthazar*!

Fail. I hope to Gad, Madam, you'l consider the merit of my sufferings: I would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that person in the World I am.

Const. Heaven reward you for't: I never shall.

Fail. How Madam!

Isa. Art thou such an Ass as not to perceive thou art abus'd: this beating I contriv'd for you: you know upon what account, and have yet another or two at your service: yield up the Knight in time, 'tis your best course.

Fail. Then, Does not your Ladyship Love me, Madam?

Const. Yes, yes; I love to see you beaten.

Isa. Well; methinks now you have had a hard bargain on't: you have lost your Cully, Sir *Timorous*; and your Friend *Burr*; and all to get a poor beating: but I'll see it mended against next time for you. (*Exeunt* Constance, Isabelle *Laughing.*

Fail. I am so much amaz'd, I Vow to Gad I do not understand my own condition. (*Exit* Failer.

Enter

Enter Loveby *solus in the dark; his Sword drawn, groping out his way.*

Loveby. This is the time and place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil *I* am to meet; for no mortal creature could have that kindneſs for me, to ſupply my neceſſities as he has done, nor could have done it in ſo ſtrange a manner: he told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parſon in the Fanatick times; a ſhrewd ſuſpition it was the Devil; or at leaſt a limb of him. If the Devil can ſend Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have mercy on the Layety! well, let every man ſpeak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honeſt and well-natur'd fellow: and if I hear any man ſpeak ill of him, (except it be a Parſon that gets his living by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: yet for all this I do not much care to ſee him. He does not meane to hook me in for my Soul, Does he? if he does, I ſhall deſire to be excus'd. But, What a Rogue am I, to ſuſpect a perſon that has dealt ſo like a Gentleman by me? he comes to bring me Money, and would do it handſomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: let it be as 'twill, I'll ſeem to truſt him, and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will ſcorn to deceive me, as much as I would to couſin him, if *I* were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby.*

Enter Failer *at t'other end of the Stage.*

Fail. What will become of me to night! *I* am juſt in the condition of an out-lying-Deere, that's beaten from his walk for offering to rutt: Enter I dare not for fear of *Burr.*

Lov. I hear a voice, but nothing do *I* ſee; ſpeak what thou art.

Fail. There he is, watching for me: *I* muſt venture to run by him; and when *I* am in, *I* hope my Couſin *Trice* will defend me: the Devil would not lie abroad in ſuch a night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himſelf.

[Failer *goes to run off, and falls into* Loveby's *armes.*

Lov. Honeſt Sathan! well encounter'd! *I* am ſorry with all my heart it is ſo dark: 'Faith I ſhould be very glad to ſee thee at my

Lodging; prethee let's not be such strangers to one another for the time to come: and, What hast thou got under thy Cloak there little Sathan? I warrant thou hast brought me some more Money.

Fail. Help, help; Thieves, thieves.

[Loveby *lets him go.*

Lov. This is *Failers* voice: How the Devil was I mistaken! I must get off, e'r Company comes in. (*Exit* Loveby.

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, *undress'd.*

All: Where! where!

Fail. One was here just now; and it should be *Loveby* by his voice, but I have no Witness.

Trice. It cannot be he; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah; I'll take pitty on you to night; you shall lie in the Truckle-bed.

Trice. Pox o'this noise, it has disturb'd me from such a Dreame of Eating!

EXEUNT OMNES.

ACT. III.

Act III.

Constance, Isabelle.

Const. 'Twas ill luck to have the meeting broke last night, just as *Setsone* was coming towards him.

Isa. But in part of recompence you'll have the pleasure of putting him on farther streights: O, these little mischiefs are meat and drink to me.

Const. He shall tell me from whence he has his Money: I am resolv'd now to try him to the utmost.

Isa. I would devise something for him to do, which he could not possibly perform.

Const. As I live yonder he comes with the Jewel in his hand he promis'd me; prithee leave me alone with him.

Isa. Speed the Plough; if I can make no sport I'll hinder none: I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timbrone*; shortly you shall hear newes from *Dametas.* [*Exit* Isabelle.

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you Madam, here's the Jewel; do me the favour to accept it, and suppose a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Const. Believe me a very fair Jewel: but, Why will you be at this needless charge? What acknowledgment do you expect? you know I will not Marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that? I do not conceive my self under correction, so inconsiderable a person.

Const. You'll alter your partial opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flash of wit fires me; nor is it a gay out-side can seduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd so much as to be despicable. What do I want.

Const. A good Estate, that makes every thing handsome; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel expres poverty?

Const. I conjure you by your love to me, tell me one truth not minc'd by your invention: How came you by this Jewel?

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setstone*, if I did not buy it of him.

Const. How glad you are now, you can tell a truth so near a lie: but, Where had you the Money that purchas'd it? come, —without circumstances and preambles—

Lov. Umh, perhaps that may be a secret.

Const. Say it be one, yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Mistris.

Lov. Why should you be thus importunate?

Const. Because I cannot think you love me, if you will not trust that to my knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beside.

Lov. You urge me deeply——

Const. Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me; I am resolv'd to take no denial: Why do you sigh?

Lov. If *I* be blasted it must out.

Const. Either tell me, or resolve to take your leave for ever.

Lov. Then know *I* have my means; *I* know not how.

Const. This is a fine secret.

Lov. Why then if you will needs know, 'tis from the Devil; *I* have Money from him, what, and when *I* please.

Const. Have you seal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Money?

Lov. No such thing intended on my part.

Const. How then?

Lov. *I* know not yet what conditions he'll propose: *I* should have spoke with him last night, but that a cross chance hinder'd it.

Const. Well, my opinion is, some great Lady that is in love with you, supplies you still; and you tell me an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to shadow your infidelity.

Lov. Devise some meanes to try me.

Const. I take you at your word; you shall swear freely to bestow

on

on me, what ever you ſhall gain this unknown-way; and for a proofe, becauſe you tell me you can have Money, what and when you pleaſe; bring me an hundred pounds e'r night: [If I do marry him for a Wit, I'll ſee what he can do; he ſhall have none from me. (*aſide.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you ſhall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Conſt. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a croſs that I have; or know where to get; but I muſt promiſe well to ſave my credit: now Devil, if thou do'ſt forſake me! (*aſide.*

Conſt. I miſtruſt you; and therefore if you faile, I'll have your hand to ſhow againſt you; here's inke and paper.

Loveby *Writes.*

Enter Burr *and* Timorous.

Bur. What makes *Loveby* yonder? he's Writing ſomewhat.

Tim. I'll go ſee. ——(*Lookes over him.*)

Lov. Have you no more manners then to overlook a man when he's a Writing? — Oh, Is't you Sir *Timorous*? you may ſtand ſtill; now *I* think on't you cannot read Written hand.

Bur. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous.*

Lov. So *I* am with his Companions Sir.

Burr. Then there's hope you and *I* may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what title, as you are an Aſs Sir.

Conſt. No more *Loveby.* —

Lov. I need not Madam; alaſs this fellow is onely the Sollicitor of a quarrel, til he has brought it to an head; and will leave the fighting part to the Curteous pledger. Do not *I* know theſe fellowes? you ſhall as ſoon perſwade a Maſtiff to faſten on a Lyon, as one of theſe to ingage with a courage above their own: they know well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter

Enter Failer *at a distance.*

Fail. Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reasonable summ that I were Friends with *Burr:* if *I* am not, *I* shall lose Sir *Timorous.*

Const. O, Servant, have I spy'd you! let me run into your Armes.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Constance: I* Vow to Gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr.*

Enter Nonsuch *and* Isabelle.

Const. Hold, Gentlemen; no sign of quarrel!

Non. O Friends! I think I shall go mad with Griefe: I have lost more Money.

Lov. Would I had it: that's all the harme I wish my self: your Servant, Madam; I go about the businesse. (*Exit* Loveby.

Non. What! Does he take no pity on me?

Const. Prithee moane him *Isabelle.*

Isa. Alass, alass poor Nuncle! could they find in their hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred pounds out of poor six thousand pounds a year! I and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own House you think is clear, my Lord?

Const. I dare answer for all there, as much as for my self.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be friends with me, I'll try what I can perswade him to.

Burr. Here's my hand, I will Dear Heart.

Fail. Your own House being clear, my Lord, I am apt to suspect this *Loveby* for such a person: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer:* but, Why should I suspect him? his carriage is fair, and his meanes great: he could never live after this rate if it were not.

Fail. This

Fail. This ſtill renders him the more ſuſpicious: he has no land to my knowledge.

Bur. Well ſaid miſchief —— (*aſide.*

Conſt. My Father's credulous, and this Rogue has found the blind-ſide of him; would *Loveby* heard him! —— (*to* Iſab.)

Fail. He has no Meanes, and he loſes at Play: ſo that for my part, I proteſt to Gad, I am reſolv'd he picks Locks for his Living.

Bur. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks Locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than laſt night he met me in the dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main argument for ſuſpicion.

Fail. I remember once when the Keyes of the *Exchequer* were loſt in the *Rump*-time, he was ſent for upon an extremity, and I gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-bone of a Breaſt of Mutton.

Non. Who, this *Loveby?*

Fail. This very *Loveby*: Another time, when we had ſate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards morning, he plucks me out, *I* Vow to Gad I tell you no lie, four ten-penny-Nailes from the Dairy-Lock with his teeth, fetches me out a Meſs of Milk; and knocks me u'm in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Iſa. Thou Boy!

Non. What ſhall I do in this caſe? my comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Conſt. Will you ſuſpect a Gentleman of *Loveby*'s worth, upon the bare report of ſuch a Raſcal as this *Failer?*

Non. Hold thy tongue, I charge thee; upon my bleſſing hold thy tongue, I'll have him apprehended before he ſleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer.*

Fail. Bur. Look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you inſtantly.

Conſt. I'll watch you, by your favour. (*aſide.*)

Exeunt Nonſuch, Failer, Conſtance *following them.*

Iſa. A word, Sir *Timorous.*

Bur. She ſhall have a courſe at the Knight, and come [*Gets behind.*

up-

up to him; but when she is just ready to pinch he shall give such a loose from her, shall break her heart.

Isa. Burr there still, and watching us? there's certainly some Plot in this, but I'll turne it to my own advantage. (*aside.*

Tim. Did you marke *Burrs* retirement, Madam?

Isa. I; his guilt it seems makes him shun your company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Isa. You must needs know it; he Courts your Mistriss.

Tim. Is he too, in Love with my Lady *Constance?*

Isa. No, no; but which is worse, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, What have I to do with you? you know I care not this for you.

Isa. Perhaps so; but he thought you did: and good reason he had for it.

Tim. What reason, Madam?

Isa. The most convincing in the World: he knew my Cousin *Constance* never lov'd you: he has heard her say, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Town-sop judging a new Play: as shame-fac'd as a great over-grown School-boy: in fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your estate, and Sacrifis'd to the god of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Cousin so barbarous to say this?

Isab. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my suit to her?

Isa. For that I must excuse him: he never thought you could love one of my Cousin's humour: but took your Court to her, only as a blind to your affection for me: and being possessed with that opinion, he thought himself as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not halfe so worthy; and so I'll tell him, in a fair way.

Burr to a *Boy* entring. Sirrah Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Isabelle*; but be not known I am so near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Bur. Now Fortune, all I desire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may see it; if he once be brought to believe there is a kindness between her and me, it will ruine all her Projects.

Isa. to the *Boy.* From whom?

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam.

Isabelle

Isabelle reads: These for Madam *Isabelle*.

Dear rogue,

Sir Timerous knows nothing of our kindness, nor shall for me; seem still to have designs upon him; it will hide thy affection the better to thy Servant Bear.

Isa. Alas poor Woodcock, dost thou go a birding: thou hast ee'n set a springe to catch thy own neck; look you here Sir *Timerous*; here's somthing to confirm what I have told you.

Gives him the Letter.

Tim. D, e, a, re, dear, r, o, g, u, e, rogue. Pray Madam read it: this written hand is such a damn'd perplexique thing I could never away with it.

Isa. He would fain have robb'd you of me: Lord, Lord! to see the malice of a man.

Tim. She has perswaded me so damnably, that I begin to think she's my Mistress indeed.

Isab. Your Mistress: why I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of day. I was your Mistress from the first day you ever saw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were so: but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection.

Isa. And this Rogue pretends he has an interest in me merely to defeat you: look you, look you where he stands in ambush, like a Jesuite behind a Quaker, to see how his design will take.

Tim. I see the Rogue now could I find in my heart to marry you in spight to him; what think you on't in a fair way?

Isab. I have brought him about as I would wish; and now I'll make my own conditions (*aside*) Sir *Timerous*, I wish you well; but hear me marry must promise me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Countrie, like a wild beast in the wilderness, with no Christian Soul about me.

Tim. Why I'll bear you company.

Isa. I cannot endure your early hunting matches there; to have my sleep disturb'd by break of day, with heigh *Fowler*, *Fowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty*! and then a serenade of deep mouth'd curres, to answer the salutation of the Huntsman, as if hell were broke loose about me: and all this to meet a pack of gentlemen Salvages to ride all day like mad men, for the immortal fame of being first in at the Hares death: to come upon the spur after a trayl at four in the

afternoon to destruction of cold meat and cheese, with your lewd companie in boots; fall a drinking till Supper time, be carried to bed, rop'd out of your Seller, and be good for nothing all the night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? you shall find me reasonable to all your propositions.

Isa. I have but one condition more to add; for I will be as reasonable as you, and that is a very poor request, to have all the money in my disposing.

Tim. How, all the money?

Isa. I, for I am sure I can huswife it better for your honours not but that I shall be willing to encourage you with pocket money, or so sometimes.

Tim. This is somewhat hard.

Isa. Nay, if a woman cannot do that, I shall think you have an ill opinion of my virtue: not trust your own flesh and blood, Sir *Timerous*.

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Isa. Nothing more only the choise of my own companie, my own hours, and my own actions: these trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your most obedient Wife and Servant *Isabelle*.

Tim. Is't a match then?

Isa. For once I am content it shall; but 'tis to redeem you from those Rascals *Burr* and *Failer*, that way Sir *Timerous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden dore. *Exit* Timerous.

Sola. I have led all women the way, if they dare but follow me; and now march off, I if I can escape but spying, with my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. *Exit Isabelle.*

Burr. So their wooing's at an end; thanks to my wit.

Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr*! whither is it Sir *Timerous* and Madam *Isabelle* are gone together?

Bur. Adore my wit, boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I saw u'm meet just now at the Garden dore: so ho, ho, ho, who's within there: help here, quickly, quickly.

Enter

Enter Nonſuch *and two Servants.*

Nonſ. What's the matter?

Fail. Your Neice *Iſabelle* has ſtollen away Sir *Timerous.*

Nonſ. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, I'll ſhew you.

Nonſ. Break your necks after him, you idle Varlets.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Loveby: Loveby's *Collar unbutton'd, Band careleſly on, Hat on the table, as new riſing from ſleep.*

Lov. Boy? how long have I ſlept boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two hours and a half Sir.

Lov. What's't a clock Sirrah?

Boy. Near four Sir.

Love. Why there's it: I have promiſ'd my Lady *Conſtance* an hundred pounds e'r night; I had four hours to perform it in when I engag'd to do it, and I have ſlept out more than two of them: all my hope to get this money lies within the compaſs of that hat there. —before I lay down I made bold a little to prick my finger, and write a note in the blood of it, to this ſame friend of mine in t'other world, that uſes to ſupply me: the Devil has now had above two hours to perform it in; all which time I have ſlept to give him the better opportunity: time enough for a Gentleman of his agility to fetch it from the *Eaſt-Indies*; but of one of his Temples where they worſhip him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go ſo far; 'twere but ſtepping over ſea, and borrowing ſo much money, out of his own Banck at *Amſterdam*: hang't, what's an hundred pounds between him and me. —Now does my heart go pit a pat, for fear I ſhould not find the money there. I would faln lift it up to ſee, and yet I am ſo fraid of miſſing: yet a plague, why ſhould I fear h'll fail me; the name of friend's a ſacred thing; ſure he'll conſider that: —methinks this Hat looks as if it ſhould have ſomething under it: if one could ſee the yellow boyes peeping underneath the brims now: ha! (*looks under round about*) in my conſcience I think I do: ſtand out

oth'way sirrah, and be ready to gather up the pieces that will flush out of the hat as I take it up.

Boy. What is my Master mad trow.

Loveby Snatches up the hat, looks in it hastily, and sees nothing but the Paper.

Now the Devil take the Devil: ah plague! was ever man serv'd so as I am: *(throws his hat upon the ground)* to break the bonds of Amity for 100 pieces: well, it shall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'st, Devil: I'll turn Parson, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the wickedness of all people upon thee though thou art never so innocent, I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores, I'll Hector thy Gamesters, that they shall not dare to swear, curse or bubble; nay, I'll set thee out so, that thy very Usurers and Aldermen shall fear to have to do with thee.

[*a noise within of* Isabelle *and* Frances.

Enter Frances, *thrusting back* Isabella *and* Timerous.

Fran. How now what's the matter?

Isa. Nay, sweet Mistress be not so hard hearted: all I desire of you is but harbour for a minute: you cannot in humanity deny that small succour to a Gentlewoman.

Fran. A Gentlewoman! I thought so, my house affords no harbour for Gentlewomen: you are a company of proud Hallorties; I'll teach you to take place of Tradesmens Wives with a wannion to you.

Low. How's this, Madam *Isabella*

Isa. Mr. *Loveby!* how happy am I to meet with you in my distress!

Low. What's the matter Madam?

Isa. I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Fran. No Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave, they are such as we maintain our pride, as they say. Our Husbands trust you, and you must go before their Wives. I am sure my Goodman never goes to any of your Lodgings, but he comes home the worse for it, as they say.

(whispers Loveby.)

Low. Is that all? prithee good Landlady, for my sake, entertain my friends.

Franc. If the Gentlemans Worship had come alone, it may be I might have entertain'd him; but for you Minion!

Enter Nonsuch, Failer, Burr, *and Officers: cry within, here, here.*

Fail. My Lord, arrest Sir *Timerous* upon a promise of marriage to your Daughter, and we'l witness it.

Timor. Why, what a strange thing of you's this Madam *Isabelle*, to bring a man into trouble thus!

Fail. you are not yet married to her;

Tim. Not that I remember.

Isabelle. Well *Failer*, I shall find a time to reward your diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his action, I should have taught some of you more manners, than to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my heart this Minx is prevented of her design: the Gentleman had got a great catch of her as they say. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thank for't, to see him bring down a fine-bred Woman, with a Lute, and a Dressing-box, and a handful of money to her Portion.

Isa. Good Mistress Whatdeelack! I know your quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradesmens wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a she-Citizen to be forc'd to have Children by her own Husband!

Franc. Come, come, you'r a slanderful huswife, and I squorn your hallottry trick that I do, so I do.

Isa. Steeple-hat your Husband never gets a good look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to dinner; who if he casts an amorous eye towards you, then, trust him good Husband, sweet Husband trust him for my sake: verily the Gentleman's an honest man, I read it in his countenance: and if you should not be at home to receive the mony, I know he will pay the debt to me. Is't not so Mistress?

Enter Bibber *in Slippers, with a skein of Silk about his neck.*

Franc. Will you see me wrong'd thus, under my own roof, as they say, *William*?

Isa.

Iſa. Nay, 'tis very true Miſtreſs: you let the men with old complements take up new cloaths: I do not mean your Wives cloaths Mr. Merchant-Tailor.

Bib. Good ifaith! a notable ſmart Gentlewoman!

Iſa. Look to your Wife, Sir, or in time ſhe may undo your Trade: for ſhe'll get all your men-Cuſtomers to her ſelf.

Bibb. And *I* ſhould be hang'd, I can forbear no longer.

He plucks out his Meaſure, and runs to Iſabelle *to take meaſure of her.*

Iſa. How now! what means Prince *Pericles* by this?

Bibber *on his knees.*

I muſt beg your Ladiſhip e'n to have the honour to truſt you but for your Gown, for the ſake of that laſt jeaſt. Flowr'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any grounds: *I* ſhall run mad if *I* may not truſt your Ladiſhip.

Franc. *I* think you are mad already, as they ſay, *William*: you ſhall not truſt her.— *plucks him back.*

Bib. Let me alone *Frances*; *I* am a Lyon when *I* am anger'd.

Iſa. Pray do not pull your Lyon by the tail ſo Miſtreſs.—*In* theſe Cloaths that he now takes meaſure of me for, will *I* marry Sir *Timerous*, mark that, and tremble *Failer.*

Fail. Never threaten me Madam, you't a perſon a deſpiſe.

Iſa. *I* vow to gad *I'll* be even with you Sir. *Exit* Iſabelle.

Nonſuch *to the Bailiffs.* — And when you have arreſted him, be ſure you ſearch him for my gold.

Bailiffs to Loveby. We arreſt you Sir at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me you Raſcals!

Nonſ. Search him for my gold; you know the marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd gold about me; they'll find more than *I* can. You expect *I* ſhould reſiſt now; no, no, *I'll* hamper you for this. —

Bail. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to priſon with him; there all his debts will come upon him

Lov. What hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bib. Now as *I* live a pleaſant Gentleman; I could find in my heart to bail him; but I'll overcome my ſelf, and ſteal away. (*is going.*

Bail.

Bail. Come, Sir, we must provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'l scarce like it.

Lov. If *I* doe not *I* ask no favour; pray turne me out of dores.

Bib. Turn him out of door! What a jeast was there? Now and *I* should be hang'd *I* cannot forbear Bayling him: stay Officers! I Bayle him Body and Soul for that Jeast.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr.*

[*Exeunt* Burr, Failer, Timorous.

Franc. You shall not Bayle him.

Bib. I know *I* am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevail'd upon me, and a man must not go against his Conscience. There Officers——

Love. to *Non.* Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter. ——

Non. Well, well; take your course, Sir.

[*Exit* Nonsuch *and* Bailiffs.

Lov. Come *Will*; I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Fran. Do your worst, *I* fear you not, Sir. This is twice to day, *William*; to trust a Gentlewoman, and Bayle a Ragamuffin: *I* am sure he call'd you Cuckold but yesterday, and said he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, *I* am a man of Honour, and if *I* said it, I'll not break my word with you.

Bib. There he was with you again, *Frances:* an excellent good jeast Ifaith la.

Fran. I'll not endure it, that I won't, so I won't: I'll go to the Justices Worship and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudic'd by it. Have any of his Customers forsook him for't? or, any Mercer refus'd to trust him the less, for my calling him so.

Fran. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no slander among one another, as they say; but for the Gentlemen ——

Lov. Will, Have they forsaken thee upon it?

Bib. No, I assure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant u'm: a Cuckold has the signification of an honest

honeſt well-meaning Citizen; one that is not given to jealouſies or ſuſpitions; a juſt Perſon to his Wife, *&c.* one that, to ſpeak the worſt of him, does but to her, what he would be content ſhould be done to her by other men.

Franc. But that another man ſhould be the Father of his Children, as they ſay; I don't think that a civil thing Husband.

Lov. Not civil, Landlady! Why all things are civil that are made ſo by Cuſtome.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I, or any man?

Fran. But if thoſe Children, that are none of yours, ſhould call you Father, *William!*

Bib. If they call me Father, and are none of mine; I am the more beholding to u'm.

Fran. Nay, if that be your humour, husband, I am glad I know it, that I may pleaſe you the better another time, as they ſay. (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. Nay, but *Frances*, *Frances*; 'tis ſuch another woman. *Exit* Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis ſuch another Man: ——— My Coate and Sword *Boy*, I muſt go to Juſtice *Trices*; bring the Women, and come after me. (*Exit* Loveby.

ACT. IV.

Act. IV.

Table set with Cards *upon it.*

Trice *walking: Enter* Servant.

Serv. SIr, some Company is without upon Justice-business.

Trice. Sawcy Rascal, to disturb my Meditations.-- *Exit* Servant. —I, it shall be he: *Jack Loveby*, What think'st thou of a Game of Picquet, we two, hand to fist! you and I will play one single Game for ten Pieces: 'tis deep stake *Jack*; but, 'tis all one between us two: you shall Deale *Jack*: Who, *I*, Mr. Justice, that's a good one, you must give me use for your hand then; that's six i'th hundred: Come, lift, lift; mines a ten; Mr. Justice: —— mines a King, oh ho, *Jack*, you Deale. I have the advantage of this Ifaith, if I can keep it.

He Deales 12 a piece; 2 by 2.
And lookes on his own Cards.

I take seven, and look on this.— Now for you *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Loveby *behind.*

Lov. How's this? Am *I* the Man he fights with?

Trice. I'll do you right *Jack*; as *I* am an honest Man you must discard this, there's no other way: if you were my own Brother *I* could do no better for you. —— Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand. ——

Looks on t'other Cards.

Stay; What am *I* for the Point? but bare Forty, and he Fifty one: Fifteen and Five for the Point: 20, and 3 by Aces, 23. well, *I* am to play first: 1. 23. 2. 23. 3. 23. 4. 23. —— Pox on't, now *I* must play into his hand: 5 — now you take it *Jack*, 5. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30: and the Cards Forty.

Lov. Hitherto

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my ſide.——

Trice. Now *I* Deale: How many do you take *Jack?* All? then *I* am gone: What a riſe is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme Major: I am gone, without looking into my Cards.— *I, I* thought ſo: If ever Man Play'd with ſuch curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damn'd Ace——there's your ten Pieces, with a Pox to you, for a Rooking beggarly Raſcal as you are. *Takes up an Ace and bites it.*

Loveby *Enters.*

Lov. What occaſion have I given you for theſe words, Sir? Rook and Raſcal! I am no more Raſcal than your ſelf, Sir.

Trice. How's this; how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, becauſe I am a winner. *(Snatches the Gold.*

Trice. What a Devil do'ſt thou put up? not my Gold I hope *Jack?*

Lov. By your favour but I do; and 'twas won fairly; a Sixieme, and Fourteen by Aces by your own confeſſion.—— What a Pox we don't make Childrens Play I hope?

Trice. Well, remember this, *Jack*; from this hour I forſwear playing with you when I am alone; What, Will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov. Not a Farthing, *Juſtice:* I'll be Judged by you, if I had loſt you would have taken every piece on't: what! I win, I win.—— and there's an end.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, theſe People ſtay without, and will not be anſwer'd.

Trice. Well, What's their buſineſs?

Serv. Nay, no great matter: onely a Fellow for getting a Wench with Childe.

Trice. No great matter ſaiſt thou; 'Faith but it is: Is he a poor Fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very poor Fellow, Sir.

Trice. Hang

Trice, Hang him, Rogue, make his Mittimus immediately, must such as he presume to get Children?

Lov. Well consider'd: a poor lowsie Rascal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have pass'd his time at Nine-pins, or Shovel-board, that had been fit sport for such as he; Justice, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of Justice will I not.

Lov. Swear'st thou, ungracious Boy? that's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I Swear not, I Drink not, I Curse not, I Cheat not; they are unnecessary Vices: I save so much out of those Sins, and take it out in that one necessary Vice of Wenching.

Enter Loveby's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, the Parties are without according to your order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring u'm in *Boy.*

Enter Lady Du Lake, *and two or three Whores.*

Justice, I recommend this antient Gentlewoman, with these vertuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, she is a person of exemplary life and behaviour; of singular conduct to break through, and patience to bear the assaults of Fortune: a general Benefactress of Mankind, and in fine a promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice. Or, as the Vulgar Translation hath it, a very sufficient, and singular good-Bawd: Is't not so *Boy?*

Lov. I, Boy: Now for such a petty-fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to persecute this Lady; prithee think on't: 'tis a grievance of the Free-born-Subject.

L. *Dulake.* To see the ingratitude of this Generation! I that have spent my youth, set at nought my Fortune, and what is more dear to me, my honour, in the service of Gentlemen; should now in my old Age be left to want and Beggary, as if I were the vilest, and most unworthy creature upon Gods Earth. (*Crying.*)

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it so bitterly.

L. *Dulake.* I confess the unkindness of it troubles me.

Lov. Thou shalt not want so long as I live: look, here's five

Pieces of Cordial Gold to comfort thy heart with, I won it e'n now of Mr. Juſtice; and *I* dare ſay he thinks it well beſtow'd.

Trice. My Money's gone to very pious uſes.

L. *Dulake,* (Laying her hand on *Lovebyes* head.) Son *Loveby, I* knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and *I* could weep for joy to ſee how thou tak'ſt after them. (*Weeping again*) I wiſh it lay in my power too, to gratifie this worthy Juſtice in my Vocation.

Trice. 'Faith *I* doubt *I* am paſt that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magiſtrate drink to her, and wipe ſorrow from her eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.

(*She Drinks after him*) *and ſtayes at halfe-Glaſs.*

L. *Dulake.* 'Tis a great way to the bottom; but Heaven is All-ſufficient to give me ſtrength for it:——(*Drinks it up.*) Why Gods bleſſing on your heart, Son *Trice. I* hope 'tis no offence to call you Son: Hem, hem! Son *Loveby,* I think my Son *Trice* and I are much of the ſame yeares: let me ſee Son if Nature be utterly extinct in you: are you tickliſh, Son *Trice?* (*Tickles him.*)

Trice. Are you Tickliſh Mother *Dulake.* (*Tickles her ſides.*)

She falls off her Chair; he falls off his to her; they rowle one over the other.

Lov. I would have all *London* now ſhow me ſuch another ſight of kindneſs in Old Age:

(*They help each other up.*)

Come, a Dance, a dance; call for your Clerk, Juſtice, he ſhall make one in ſign of Amity: (*Strike up Fidlers.*)

(*They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.*)

Enter Iſabelle *and* Conſtance.

Iſa. Are you at that Sport, I'faith? have among you blind Harpers:

She falls into the Dance.

At the Dances ending Loveby *ſees* Conſtance.

Trice. Is ſhe come! a Pox of all honeſt Women at ſuch a time!

Lov. If ſhe knows who theſe are, by this Light I am undone.

Conſt. Oh

Conſt. Oh Servant, I come to minde you of your Promiſe; come, produce my hundred pounds; the times out I ſet you.

Lov. Not till dark night upon my Reputation: I have not yet ſpoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantaloons; you know he ſeldome walkes abroad by day light: Dear Madam, let me waite you to your Coach and if I bring it not within this hour, diſcard me utterly.

Conſt. You muſt give me leave to ſalute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Perſons of Qualty of my acquaintance; but, I'll make your excuſe to u'm.

Conſt. Nay, if they are Perſons of Quality, I ſhall be rude to part from u'm ſo abruptly.

Lov. Why ſo! the Devil ow'd me a ſhame; and now he has paid me. I muſt preſent u'm what e'r come on't. (*aſide*) —— This Madam is my Lady *Du Lake*, —— the Lady *Spring-well*, —— the Lady *Hoyden*. (*She and* Iſabelle *Salute u'm.*)

Iſa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Hoyden*! and, What a Garlick breath my Lady *Spring-well* had?

Trice. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Juſtice; if you do ——

Iſa. Oh, Are you thereabouts, Sir; then I ſmell a Rat Ifaith; but I'll ſay nothing.

Conſt. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all: and account it my happineſs to have met with ſo good Company, at my Couſin *Trices*.

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L. *Du Lake.* Are theſe two Ladies of your acquaintance Son *Loveby*?

Lov. Son quoth a! a Pox of our Relation. — (*aſide.*

L. *Du Lake.* I ſhall be glad to be better known to your Ladiſhips.

Conſt. You too much honour your Servants, Madam.

Iſa. How *Loveby* fidges up and down: in what pain he is! well, if theſe be not they they call Whores, I'll be hanged, though I never ſaw one before: —— (*aſide.*

Lov. Will your Ladiſhip pleaſe to go, Madam?

Confl. I must beg the favour of these Ladies first, that I may know their Lodgings, and waite of u'm.

L. Du Lake. It will be our Duty to pay our Respects first to your Ladiſhip.

Con. I beg your Ladiſhips pardon, Madam ——

L. Du L. Your Ladiſhip ſhall excuſe us, Madam——

Iſa. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah devil grin you —— *aſide.*

Trice. I muſt go out, and laugh my belly-full. *Exit* Trice.

Con. But in earneſt Madam, I muſt have no denyal; I beſeech your Ladyſhip inſtruct me where I may tender my devoyres?

La. D. Since your Ladiſhip commands me, Madam, I dare diſobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. *Luknors* Lane at the Cat and Fiddle.

Con. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith Madam, I know not that part oth' Town. — Lord, how I ſweat for fear —— *aſide.*

Con. And yours Madam, where, I beſeech your Ladyſhip.

2d. Wh. In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and't pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

3d. Wh. And mine in *Sodom*, ſo like your Ladiſhip.

Con. How *Loveby*! I did not think you would have uſ'd me thus?

Lov. I beſeech your Ladiſhip but hear my Juſtification as I lead you.

Con. By no means, Sir; that were ſuch a rudeneſs to leave perſons of quality, to wait upon me: unhand me Sir.

Iſa. Ha, ha, ha. — *Exeunt* Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Lov. I am ruin'd! for ever ru'n'd: plague had you no places in the Town to name but *Sodom*, and *Luknors-Lane* for Lodgings!

L. Du L. If any prejudice ariſe from it, upon my honour Son 'twas by miſtake, and not intended you: I thought ſhe deſir'd to have been admitted of the quality.

Lov. I was curſt when I had firſt to do with you —— *kicks u'm*

L. D. Well, I thank Heaven, that has indued me with ſuch patience. *Exeunt all but* Loveby *and his Boy.*

Lov. I have made a fair hand one to day ——both loſt my Miſtreſs, and hear no news from my friend below: the World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Miſtreſs have forſaken me: my God-

fathers

fathers and Godmothers have promised well for me: instead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I saw my Lady *Constantia* smile as she went out: I am confident she's angry but from the teeth outwards; you might easily make fair weather with her, if you could get the money you promis'd her, but there's the devil ——

Lov. Where is he boy? shew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God bless us! I mean Sir, there's the difficulty.

Lov. Damnd rogue to put me in hope so. ——

Enter Bibber *at the other end.*

Lov. Uds so, look where *Bibber* is: now I think on't, he offerd me a bag of forty pounds, and the Lease of his house yesterday: but that's his pocky humour, when I have money and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a farthing —— turn this way sirrah, and make as though we did not see him. ——

Bib. Our Gentleman I think a talking with his boy there ——

Lov. You understand me ——

Boy. I warrant you Sir.

Lov. No news yet? what an unlucky rascal 'tis! if the rogue should hereafter be reduc'd to the raiment of his own Shreds, I should not pity him ——

Bib. How's this?

Lov. Now is this rascal hunting after jeasts, to make himself the greatest to all that know him.

Bib. This must be me.

Boy. I can hear neither tale nor tydings of him: I have search'd him in all his haunts; among his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the least jeast. I have visited the Coffee-houses for him; but among all the news there, I heard none of him. (Bib. *Good i faith.*)

Lov. Where's the Warrant, I'll put in my own name, since I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next dore because I could not write, to fill up the blank place with Mr. *Bibbers* name.

Lov. What an unlucky vermin 'tis; now for an 100 *l.* could I have gratified him with a Waiters Place at Custom-house, that had been worth to him an 100 *l.* a year upon the nail.

Bib. Could

Bib. Could you ſo, could you ſo Sir? give me your hand, and *I* thank you heartily Mr. *Loveby.*

Lov. Art there honeſt *Will?* faith 'tis not worth thy thanks till it be done: *I* wiſh *I* had had the money for thee.

Bib. How much is't Sir?

Lov. An hundred pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me ſee, forty *I* have already by me; take that in part Sir; —— and that, and the Leaſe of my houſe would over-do it.

Lov. By all means thy Leaſe *Will*: near ſcruple at that; hang a piece of Parchment, and two bits of ſoft wax: thou ſhalt do't, thou ſhalt boy.

Bib. Why then *I* will, Sir: —— but ſtay, ſtay; now *I* think on't, *Frances* has an 120 pieces of old Grandam and Aunt gold left her, that ſhe would never let me touch: if we could get that Mr. *Loveby.* —— but ſhe'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but ſaying the place is for her; a Waiting-woman's place in the Cuſtom-houſe; Boy, go and tell her ont immediately.

Exit Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; ſhe has been very deſirous to get a place in Court, that ſhe might take place as the Queens Servant.

Lov. She ſhall have a Dreſſers place, if thou'lt keep counſel. The worſt on't is, *I* have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that Sir; ſhe can neither write nor read; tis but my telling her 'tis a Warrant and all's well. *I* can but laugh to think how ſhe'll be chouſ'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here *Will.*

Enter Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-womans place in the Cuſtom-houſe! there's news for me! thank you kind Mr. *Loveby*; you have been inſtrumental *I* hear of my preferment.

Lov. No, 'tis a Dreſſers place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O gemini! that's better news.

Bib. I, but you muſt make haſt and fetch an hundred pieces: *I* can aſſure you 500 are bidden for it; and the Courtiers are ſuch flippery youths, they are ever for the faireſt Chapman.

Franc. I'll fetch it preſently; oh how my heart quops now, as they ſay: *I*'ll fetch it preſently: ſweet Mr. *Loveby*, if the buſineſs

can

can be done, it ſhall be a good thing in your Worſhips way *I* promiſe you: O the father! that it could be done: O ſweet father!

Loveby *plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here Mrs. *Bibber*, pray put in Madam *Bibbers* name into the Warrant.

Bib. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy. *I* muſt call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it Mr. *Bibber*.

Bib. An Order for the admiſſion of the Illuſtrious Lady Madam *Bibber* into her Majeſties ſervice.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no body touch it but my ſelf; I am ſure my money pays for it as they ſay. Theſe are the fineſt words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken ſhew me where Madam is written that I may kiſs it all over. *I* ſhall make bold now to bear up to theſe flirting Gentlewomen, that ſweep it up and down with their long tails. I thought my ſelf as good as they when *I* was, as I was; but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady diſpatch, and bring the Money.—

Franc. Truely in the place of a Dreſſer, I dare be bold to ſay, as they ſay; I, ſhall give their Majeſties Worſhips good content: I'll go fetch it.— (*Exit* Frances.

Bib. We muſt keep the poor Soul in ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when ſhe has once ſmoak'd it, *I* have no other way but to retreat into the body of my *Janizaries* my Journey-men; and never come out into her preſence more: Where will you be at nine a Clock, Sir, that we may rejoyce over our good Fortune.

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Houſe, and I'll go with you.

Bib. We'll have the Fiddles and triumph Iſaith. (*Exit* Bib.

Lov. Lord, how eager this Vermin was to cheat himſelf: well, I'll after, I long to finger theſe Jacobus's: perhaps they may make my Peace again with my Miſtriſs. (*Exit* Loveby.

Enter Failer, Nonſuch.
Conſtance *and* Iſabelle *liſtning.*

Fail. I Vow to Gad my Lord, Sir *Timorous* is the moſt dejected perſon in the World, and ſo full of regret for what is paſt, 'Twas

his misfortune to be drawn in by such a Person as Madam *Isabelle.*

Non. 'Tis well his Estate pleads for him; he should ne'r set foot more within my doores else.

Fail. All be security for him for time to come: leave it to me to get the Licence: all I desire is your Daughter may be ready to morrow morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her. [*Exeunt* Failer, Nonsuch.

Isa. You heard the dreadful sound to morrow Cousin.

Const. I would not throw my self away upon this Foole, if I could help it.

Isa. Better marry a Tertian Ague than a Foole, that's certain; there's one good day and night in that.

Const. And yet thou art mad of him thy self.

Isa. Nay, the Foole is a handsome Foole, that's somewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of fancy I have taken to a Glass Coach, and six *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Const. Prithee do not mind me of u'm; for though I want u'm not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gayeties: one grain more would turne the ballance on his side; I am so vexed at the wilde courses of this *Loveby.*

Isa. Vex'd, Why vex'd? the worst you can say of him, is, he loves Women: and such make the kindest Husbands I am told. If you had a Summ of Money to put out; you would not look so much whether the Man were an honest Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good sufficient Pay-master.

Enter Setstone.

Const. As I live thou art a mad Girle.

Set. She must be us'd as Mad-folkes are then; had into the dark and curd.

Const. But, all this is no comfort to the word Tomorrow.

Isa. Well, What say you, if I put you to night into the Armes of *Loveby?*

Const. My condition's desperate, and past thy Physick.

Isa. When Physicks past, what remaines but to send for the Divine? here's little *Nicodemus* your Fathers Chaplain; I have spoke with

with him already; for a brace of Angels he shall make all sure betwixt you without a License. I, and prove ten at night a more Canonical hour than ten ith' Morning.

Const. I see not which way thou canst perform it, but if thou do'st I have many Admirations in store for thee. (*Whispers*

Isa. Step in, and get a Cushion underneath your apron.

Const. O, I must be with Childe it seemes!

Isa. And *Loveby* shall bring you to Bed to night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: away, make hast; —— (*Exit* Constance.

Setstone Be not you farr off; I shall have need of you too: I hear my Uncle coming; ——

Me thinks I long to be reveng'd of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to day: Hark you *Setstone.* —

Set. 'Tis impossible, Madam: 'twill never take.

Isa. I warrant you: Do not I know him? he has not Braines enough, if they were butter'd, to feed a Black-bird —Nay, no replyes —— out of what I have said, you may instruct my Cousin too-- (*Exit* Setstone.

Enter Nonsuch.

Isa. Oh, Are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this afternoon: and but for one thing, I would resolve to leave your house.

Non. I'm glad there's any thing will stay thee.

Isa. If *I* stay 'tis for love of my Cousin *Constance*, not of you: *I* should be loath to leave her in this sad condition!

Non. What condition?

Isa. Nay, *I* know not; she has not worn her Busk this fortnight. I think she's grown fat o'th' sudden.

Non. O Devil, Devil! What a fright am I in?

Isa. She has qualmes too every morning: ravins mightily for green-fruit; and swoones at the sight of hot meat.

Non. She's with Childe! *I* am undone: *I* am undone!

Isa. I understand nothing of such matters: She's but in the next roome; best call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Constance, Constance?*

Enter Constance, *as with Childe.*

Isa. Now for a broad-side; turn your prow to him Cousin. (*to her.*

Non. Now Gentlewoman! Is this possible?

Const. I do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Non. Where have you been of late?

Const. I seldome stir without you, Sir: these Walls most commonly confine me.

Non. These Walls can get no Children; nor these Hangings; though there be Men wrought in u'm.

Isa. Yet, by your favour Nuncle, children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Constance, Constance!* How have my gray hairs deserv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Con. You, I hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth; for I will know it; come, the Story.

Const. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And whose the Father?

Const. I do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! went there so many to't?

Const. So farr from that, that there went none at all, to my best knowledge, Sir.

Non. Wast got by Miracle? Who was the Father?

Const. Who got your Money, Sir, that you have lost?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Const. And, Heaven knowes who got this: for, on my Conscience, he that had your Money, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as soon.

Const. That's all I fear, Sir.

Isa. 'Tis strange: and yet 'twere hard, Sir, to suspect my Cousin's Vertue, since we know the House is haunted.

Non. 'Tis true, that nothing can be laid, though under lock and key, but it miscarries.

Isa. 'Tis not to be believed what these villanous Spirits can do: they go invisible.

Const. First

Const. First they stole away my Prayer Book; and a little after that a small Treatise I had against Temptation; and when they were gone, you know Sir ——

Isa. If there be such doings, pray Heaven we are not all with Childe: 'tis certain that none that live within these Walls, but they have power of; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this fortnight.

Non. Out impudence! a man with Childe! why 'tis unnatural.

Isa. I, so is he that got it.

Non. Thou art not in earnest.

Isa. I would I were not; hark, I hear him groan hither: come in poor *Toby.*

Enter Toby *Coachman, with an Urinal.*

Non. How now! What have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. And't please your Worship 'tis my Water: I had a spice oth' new Disease here ith' house, and so carried it to Master Doctor.

Non. Well; And what did he say to you?

Tob. He told me very sad newes, and please you: I am somewhat bashful to speak on't.

Isa. Out with it Man.

Tob. Why truely he told me the party that ow'd the Water was with Child.

Isa. I told you so Uncle.

Non. To my best remembrance I never heard of such a thing before.

Tob. I never stretch out my self to snap my Whip, but it goes to th' heart of me.

Isa. Alass poor *Toby.*

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery Sirrah: you shall not stay a minute in my Service.

Tob. I beseech your good Worship be good to me; 'twas the first fault I ever committed in this kind: I have three poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a new charge upon my self.

Non. Be gone, I will not hear a word.

Tob. If

Tob. If I muſt go, I'll not go alone: *Ambroſe Tinis* the Cook is as bad as I am.

Non. I think you'l make me mad: Call the Raſcal hither: I muſt account with him upon another ſcore now I think on't.

Enter Ambroſe Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you ſend a Pheaſant with one wing to the Table yeſterday?

Amb. I beſeech your Worſhip to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Iſab. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beſeech your Worſhip let me have a boy to help me in the Kitchin; for I find my ſelf unable to go through with the work: beſides the Doctor has warn'd me of ſtooping to the fire, for fear of a miſchance.

Non. Why, are you with child ſirrah!

Amb. So he tels me: but if I were put to my oath, I know not that ever I deſerv'd for't.

Non. Still worſe and worſe: and here comes *Setſtone* groaning.

Enter Setſtone.

Setſt. O Sir I have been ſo troubled with ſwooning fits; and have ſo long'd for cherries.

Non. He's poopt too.

Iſa. Well, this is not the worſt yet: I ſuſpect ſomething more than I will ſpeak on.

Non. What doſt thou ſuſpect; ha!

Iſa. Is not your Lordſhip with child too?

Non. Who, I with child, Marry Heaven forbid: what doſt thou ſee by me to ground it on?

Iſa. You'r very round of late; that's all Sir.

Non. Round, that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good ſtomach of late I'm ſure.

Iſab. Alas, and well you may: you eat for two Sir.

Non. *Setſtone* look upon me, and tell me true: do you obſerve any alteration in me?

Set. I would not diſhearten your Ladiſhip: —— your Lordſhip I would

would say: but I have obſerv'd of late, your colour goes and comes extremely: methinks your Lordſhip looks very ſharp, and bleak ith' face, and mighty puff ith' body.

Non. O the Devil! wretched men that we are all: nothing grieves me, but that in my old age, when others are paſt child-bearing, I ſhould come to be a diſgrace to my family.

Con. How do you Sir? your eyes look wondrous dim: is not there a miſt before u'm?

Iſa. Do you not feel a kicking in your belly? when do you look Nuncle?

Non. Uh, uh! me-thinks I am very ſick o'th' ſudden:

Iſa. What ſtore of old ſhirts have you againſt the good time? ſhall I give you a ſhift Nuncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine charge towards: we ſhall all be brought to bed together: well, if I be with Devil I will have ſuch Goſſips: an Uſurer and his Scrivener ſhall be Godfathers.

Iſa. I'l help you Nuncle: and *Saundyes* two Grannies ſhall be Godmothers: the Child ſhall be chriſtned by the Directory, and the Goſſips Gift ſhall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Conſt. Set. Non. Toby. Ambr. Uh, uh, uh!

Iſa. What rare muſick's here!

Non. When e'r it comes from me 'twill kill me, that's certain.

Set. B-ſt take a vomit.

Iſa. and't comes upward the horns will choak him.

Non. Maſs and ſo they will.

Iſa. Your only way is to make ſure oth' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Childs diſhonor troubles me the moſt: if I could but ſee her well married, before I underwent the labour and peril of Child-bearing! what would you adviſe Neece!

Iſa. That which I am very loath to do: ſend for honeſt *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth ont: he's a fellow without a fortune and will be glad to leap at the occaſion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the world? 'tis but ſtaying till to morrow, and then Sir *Timerous* will marry her.

Con. Uh! I ſwell ſo faſt, I cannot hide it till to morrow.

Iſa. Why there's it now!

Non. I'll ſend for the old Alderman *Getwell* immediately: he'll father the Devils Baſtard I warrant you.

Iſa.

Isa. Fie Nuncle? my Cousins somewhat too good yet for an Alman; if it were her third child she might hearken to you.

Non. Well, since it must be so, *Setstone* go you to *Loveby*, make my excuse to him for the arrest, and let him know what fortune may attend him.

Isa. Mr. *Setstone*, pray acquaint him with my Cousins affection to him; and prepare him to father the Cushion underneath her Peticoat. [*aside to* Set.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. *Exit* Setstone.

Isa. When he comes Nuncle, pray cover your great belly with your hat, that he may not see it.

Non. It goes against my heart to marry her to this *Loveby*; but what must be, must be.

Enter Loveby.

Con. O, Mr. *Loveby*! the welcomst man alive: you met *Setstone* I hope, that you came so opportunely.

Lov. No faith Madam, I came of my own accord.

Isa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you Madam, I have brought the 100 *l.* the Devil was as punctual as three a clock at a Play-house: here, 'tis right I warrant it without telling; I took it upon his word —— *gives it.*

Con. Your kindness shall be requited Servant: but I sent for you upon another business: Pray Cousin tell't him, for I am asham'd to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great belly I hope! is't come to that?

Isa. Hark you Mr. *Loveby*, —— a word with you.

Lov. A word with you Madam: whither is your Cousin bound?

Isa. Bound Sir?

Lov. I, bound; look you, she's under sail, with a lusty fore-wind.

Non. I sent for you Sir, but to be plain with you 'twas more out of necessity than Love.

Lov. I wonder my Lord at your invincible ill nature: you forget the arrest that I passed by: but this 'tis to be civil to unthankful persons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd dog, that snarles while he takes the victuals from your hand.

Non. All friends, all friends; no ripping up old stories; you shall have my Daughter.

Lov.

Love. Faith I see your Lordship would be Lodgings ready furnish'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almost forgot my own great belly; if he should discover that too! —— *[claps his hat before it.*

Isa. to *Loveby.* You will not hear me, Sir: 'tis all roguery as I live.

Lov. Flat roguery I'll swear, if I had been father on't; nay, if I had but laid my breeches upon the bed, *I* would have married her: but *I* see we are not ordain'd for one another. —— *is going.*

Non. *I* beseech you Sir, ——

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Isa. He does his great belly, methinks ——

Non. *I*'ll make it up in money to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; *I* have a friend that shall be nameless, that will not see me want ——— and so your Servant.

Exit Loveby.

Isa. I'll after and bring him back ——

Non. You shall not stir after him; does he scorn my daughter.

Isa. Lord how fretful you are: this breeding makes you so peevish Nuncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, she shall straight be married to Sir *Timerous.*

Con. *I* am ruin'd Cousin.

Isa. *I* warrant you: ——My Lord *I* wish her well married to Sir *Timerous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the news of her great belly.

Non. *I*'ll dispatch it e'r he can speak with him.

Isa. When e'r he comes, he'll see what a *bona roba* she is grown.

Non. Therefore it shall be done ith' evening.

Isa. It shall my Lord.

Con. Shall it?

Isa. Let me alone Cousin, ——and to this effect she shall write to him, that *to conform to your will, and his modesty, she desires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready.

Exit Nonsense.

Con. How can you hope to deceive my father?

Isa. If I do not I have hard luck.

Con. You go so strange a way about, your bowl must be well byassed to come in.

Isa. So plain a ground there's not the leaft miſtake, I'll meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your room marry him.

Con. You'll be ſure to provide for one.

Isa. You miſtake me Couſin: oh! here's *Setſtone* again;

Enter Setſtone.

Mr. Jeweller, you muſt again into your Devils ſhape, and ſpeak with *Loveby*: but pray be carefull not to be diſcovered.

Set. I warrant you Madam; I have conſined wiſer men than he in my own ſhape; and if I cannot conclude it in a worſe, let the Devil I make bold with, e'n make as bold with me.

Isa. You muſt guide him by back wayes, to my Uncles Houſe, and ſo to my Couſins Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: the reſt I'll tell you as we go along.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Timorous; *after him* Burr *and* Failer.

Tim. Here here, read this Note, there's news for us.

Fail. Let me ſee't. (*reads.*)

Sir Timorous.

Be at the Garden dore at nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my daughter, to gratifie your modeſty I deſign'd this way, after I had better conſidered on it: and pray leave your Caterpillars Burr *and* Failer *behind you.*

Yours *Nonſuch.*

There is ſome trick in this, what e'r it be: but this word Caterpillars: you ſee *Burr*, Sir *Timorous*, is like to be lur'd from us. —— *to him aſide.*

Burr. Is there no prevention?

Fail. One way there is: Sir *Timorous* pray walk a turn while *Burr* and *I* conferre a little upon this matter —— —— Look you *Burr*, there is but one remedy in Nature *I* vow to gad: that is for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this perſon in bounty to you. Obſerve then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will *I* go, and igad *I'll* marry my

my Lady *Constance*; and then from the bowels of friendship bless thee with a thousand pounds, besides Lodging and Diet for thy life, boy.——

Burr. Umh——very well thought on. ——No Sir, you shall trust to my bounty; I'll go in his place, murmure or repine, speak the least word, or give thy lips the least motion; and I'll beat thee till thou art not in condition to go.

Fail. I vow to gad this is extreme injustice: was it not my invention?

Burr. Why dost thou think thou art worthy to make use of thy own invention? I'll speak another word dee see —— come help me quickly to strip Sir *Timerous*: his Coat may conduce to the deceipt. —— Sir *Timerous* by your leave. —— [*falls on him.*

Tim. O Lord! what's the matter? ——murder —— murder.

Burr. Dee open; I have something in my pocket that will serve for a gag now I think on't.

(*gags and binds him.*)

So lye there Knight. Come Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timerous*; and when I am married, remember to increase your manners with my fortune —— yet we'll alwayes drink together.

Exeunt.

Act V.

Constance, Isabelle, Nonsuch.

Con. THis is just the Knights hour; and Lovers seldome come after their time.

Non. Good night Daughter, I'll to bed; and give you joy to morrow morning. *Exit Nonsuch.*

Isa. I'm glad he's gone; what, your train takes?

Con. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Stetsone* has been with him in disguise; and promis'd him golden Mountains if he will not be wanting to his own fortune.

Isa. Is your habit provided too?

Con. All is ready.

Isa. Away then, for this is the place where we must part like Knights Errant, that take several paths to their adventures.

Con. 'Tis time; for I hear some body come along the Alley; without question 'tis *Timorous*. Farewell, the Captain stayes for me in my Chamber.

Isa. And I'll post after you to Matrimony; I have laid a fresh Parson at the next Stage that shall carry me tantivy.

Exit Constance.

Enter Burr *with* Timorous *his Coat on.*

Burr. My Lady *Constance!*

Isa. The same: Sir *Timorous!*

Burr. The same.

Isa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Cousin. (*aside.*)

Bur. My Lady *Constance* mistakes me for the Knight. (*aside.*)

Isa. Here, Sir; through the dark walk; 'tis but a little way about: —— he's my own beyond Redemption. —— (*aside.*

Bur. The Indies are mine; and a handsome Lady into the bargain. —— (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Failer, *dogging them as they go off.*

Fail. He shall be hang'd e'r he shall get her. Thus farr I have dogg'd u'm, and this way I am sure they must pass e'r they come to the house: the Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Statesman; to fish things out of wiser heads than his own, and never so much as take notice of him that gave the Counsel. —

Enter Isabelle *and* Burr *again.*

Now if I can but give her the hint without his knowledge! —— Madam, —— my Lady *Constance* ——

Isa. Whose voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, or you are undone: —— Pray step aside.

Bur. Where are you, Madam?

Isa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous.*

Fail. You are mistaken, Madam; 'tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his cloaths: he has stript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Isa. Failer?

Fail. The same: I could not but prevent your unhappiness, though I hazard my Person in the discovery I Vow to Gad, Madam.

Bur. Whose that talkes to you my Lady *Constance?*

Isa. A Maid of my acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I marry; the poor soul does so pity me.

Bur. How will that Maid lie thinking of you and me to night!

Isa. Has he the Key about him? (*To* Failer.

Fail. I think so, Madam.

Isa. Could not you possibly pick his pocket, and give me the Key; then let me alone to release Sir *Timorous*; and you shall be witness of the Wedding.

Fail. Igad you want your Cousin *Isabells* wit to bring that to pass Madam.

Isa. I warrant you my own wit will serve to fool *Burr*, —— and you too, or I am much deceiv'd —— (*aside.*

Fail. I

Fail. I am a little apprehenſive of the Raſcalls fingers ſince I felt u'm laſt; and yet my fear has not power to reſiſt the ſweet temptation of revenge; I Vow to God I'll try, Madam.

Iſa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him buſie. ——

Bur. Come, Madam, and let me take off thoſe taſtleſs Kiſſes the Maid gave you; May we not joyn lips before we are Married?

Iſa. No, fye, Sir *Timorous*.

They ſtruggle a little, and in that time Failer *picks his Pocket of the Key.*

Fail. I have it, —— here 'tis, —— now ſhift for your ſelf as I'll do: I'll waite you in the Alley. (*Exit* Failer.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous*, pray go into my Chamber; and make no noiſe till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinckling.

Bur. There's no light I hope. ——

Iſa. Not a ſpark

Bur. For to light me to the Mark —— (*Exit* Burr.

Iſa. What a ſcowring have I ſcapt to night! fortune, 'tis thou haſt been ingenious for me! Allons *Iſabelle*! courage! now to deliver my Knight from the Enchanted Caſtle. (*Exit* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby *led by* Setſtone *antickly habited, with a torch in one hand, and a wand in the other.*

Lov. What art thou that haſt led me this long houre
Through Lanes and Alleys, and blind paſſages?

Set. I am thy *Genius*; and conduct thee to
Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'ſt to do
Do boldly: fear not; with this rod I charme thee;
And neither Elf nor Goblin now can harm thee.

Lov. VVell, march on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be Anſwerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if I miſcarry.

Set. Fear not my Son.

Lov. Fear not quoth a! then prithee put on a more familiar ſhape: —— one of us two ſtinks extreamly: prithee do not come ſo near me: I do not love to have my face bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimſtone. ——

Set. Fear

Set. Fear not, but follow me.

Lov. 'Faith I have no great minde to't: I am somewhat godly at present; but stay a moneth longer, and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: in the meane time prithee stay thy stomach with some *Dutchman*: an *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.

Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: go on and live: step back and thou art mine.

Lov. So I am however; first or last, but for once I'll trust thee.

The Scene opens, and discovers Constance; *and a Parson by her, she habited like Fortune.*

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of good and ill;
Fortune: first Marry, then enjoy thy fill
Of lawful pleasures; but depart e'r morn:
Slip from her Bed, or else thou shalt be torn
Piece-meale by Fiends; thy bloud carows'd in Bowles,
And thy foure quarters blown to th' top of *Poules*.

Lov. By your favour I'll never venture it: is marrying the businesse, I'll none I thank you.——

(*Here* Constance *whispers* Setstone.

Set. Fortune will turne her back if twice deny'd.

Lov. Why she may turne her Girdle too on t'other side. This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.

Set. Fear not; she swears thou shalt receive no harm.

Lov. I, if a man durst trust her; but the Devil is got into such an ill name for lying.

Set. When e'r you are not pleas'd, it shall be lawful to sue out your Divorce.

Lov. I; but where shall I get a Lawyer? there you are aforehand with me: you have retain'd most of them already —— for the favours I have receiv'd, I am very much her servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parson there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and must not be enter'd into without mature deliberation: besides, Marriages you know are made in Heaven, and that I am sure this was not.

Set. She

Set. She bids you then, at least, restore that Gold, which she, too lavishly, pour'd out on you unthankful Man.

Lov. Faith I have it not at present; 'tis all gone, as I am a sinner; but, 'tis gone wickedly; all spent in the Devil her Fathers service.

Set. Where is the grateful sence of all your favours? Come, Fiends, with Flesh-hooks tear the wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your leathern wings, below the Fountain of the dark Abyss.

Lov. What, Are you a Conjuring? if your good at that sport, I can Conjure as well as you—— (*Draws his Sword.*

Con. Hold; for Heaven's sake hold, I am no Spirit: touch but my hand; Ghosts have no Flesh and Blood. (*Discovering.*

Lov. My Lady *Constance!* I began to suspect it might be a trick; but never could imagine you the Author: it seemes you are desirous I should Father this *Hans en Kelder heere.*

Const. I know not how without a blush to tell you it was a cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meere Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cushion; you see tis gone already.

Const. Setstone was sent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately miss'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that supply'd me all this while with Money; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'r I sleep to night: come Parson, prethee make haste and joyn us. I long to be out of her debt poor Rogue.

The Parson takes them to the side of the Stage: they turn their backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.

Set. I'll be the Clark; Amen, give you joy Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Const. Thanks honest *Setstone.*

Bib. Franc. And Musick without, they Play.

Musick. God give your worship a good even Mr. *Loveby.*

Const. Hark! What noise is that? Is this Musick of your providing, *Setstone?*

Set. Alass,

Set. Alas, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father; but the beſt on't is, he comes too late to hinder us —— fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through u'm all. ——

As they ruſh out, Bibber, Frances, *and Muſick are entring in:* Bibber *and* Frances *are beaten down.*

[*Exeunt* Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, Parſon.

All cry out, Oh the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Bib. Lord bleſs us, Where are you *Frances?*

Franc. Here *William!* this is a Judgment, as they ſay, upon you *William*; for truſting Wits: and calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, *William.*

Bib. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for deſiring Preferment at Court, *Frances.* Let's call up the VVatch, and Juſtice *Trice*, to have the houſe ſearch'd.

Franc. I, I; there's more Devils there I warrant you. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, *again.*

Lov. It was certainly *Will Bibber* and his Wife with Muſick: for now *I* remember my ſelf *I* 'pointed him this hour at your Fathers houſe: but we frighted them worſe than they frighted us.

Conſt. Our Parſon run away too: —— when they cry'd out the Devil!

Lov. He was the wiſer: for if the Devil had come indeed, he has Preach'd ſo long againſt him it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have alwayes obſerv'd Parſons to be more fearful of the Devil than other people.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parſon's the Fleſh: and betwixt thoſe two there muſt be Warr: yet to do u'm both right, I think in my conſcience they quarrel onely like Lawyers, for their Fees; and meet good friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Con. I ſaw him run in at my Couſin *Iſabells* chamber doore, which was wide open; I believe ſhe's return'd: we'll fetch a light from the Gallery, and give her joy. ——

Lov. Why is she Married, Madam?

Con. I'll tell you as we go. *(Exeunt.*

The Scene *changes*; Burr *and the Parson enter, meeting in the dark.*

Bur. My Lady *Constance* are you come again? that's well: I have waited sufficiently for you in the dark.

Pars. Help, help, help good Christian People! the Devil, the Devil's here.

Bur. 'Tis I Madam; What do you meane?

Pars. Avoid Sathan! avoid, avoid.

Bur. What have I here, the hairy Woman?

Enter Loveby, Constance *with the Light.*

Bur. Ha! yonder's my Lady *Constance*! Who have I got, a stone-Priest by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too?

Lov. Burr, a beating my Reverend Clergy? What make you here at this unseasonable hour? I'll know your business — *(Draws.*

Bur. Will you Sir? — *(They Fight.*

Const. Set. Parson. Help, Murder, murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice *Drunk: with the Watch:* Bibber *and* Frances *following. At the other* Nonsuch, *and* Servants, *and* Failer.

Non. Murder, murder! beat down their weapons: Will you murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby*? *(They disarme both.*

Sir *Timorous*! ha! *Burr*! Thieves! thieves! Sit down good Mr. Justice, and take their Examinations: now I shall know how my Money went.

Trice. They shall have Justice I warrant 'um. *(Goes to sit and misses the chaire.*

Bib. The Justice is almost dead drunk, my Lord.

Franc. But and't please your Worship my Lord this is not the worst sight that we have seen here to night in your Worships house, we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with eyes like Sawcers,

that

hat threw down my Husband, that threw down me, that made my heart ſo panck ever ſince, as they ſay.

Non. The Devil again in my houſe!

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my ſelf, and Married me; Mr. *Stiſtone* there can juſtifie it: but the beſt is, I have a Charme about me that will lay him yet e'r midnight.

Fail. And I Vow to Gad my Lord I know as little how I came hither as any man.

Bur. Nor I.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No I dare ſwear do'ſt thou not Mr. Juſtice.

Trice. But I wonder how the Devil durſt come into our Ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of —— my Family —— this evening.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous, *and* Iſabelle.

Watch. And pleaſe your Worſhip I met this couple in the ſtreet late, and ſo ſeeing them to be man and woman, I brought um along with me, upon ſuſpition of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud minx that ſought ſhelter in my houſe this afternoon, Mr. Juſtice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Iſabelle*! I Vow to Gad we are undone *Burr.*——

Iſa. Do not you know me, Mr. Juſtice?

Lov. Juſtice is blind, he knows no body.

Iſa. My name is *Iſabelle.*

Fran. No, thy name is *Jezabelle:* I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papiſts would be abroad at this time of night.

Bib. Hold *Frances*——

Trice. She's drunk *I* warrant her as any beaſt: *I* wonder woman you do not conſider what a crying ſin Drunkenneſs *is?* Whom do you learn it from in our Pariſh? *I*'m ſure you never ſee me worſe.

Iſa. Burr and *Failer*; acknowledge your ſelves a couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: *I* have won him in fair Field from you.

Con. Give you joy Couſin,—give you joy!

Lov. Married!

Iſa. And in *Diana*'s Grove boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by heaven; 'tis wondrous fine; as the Poet goes on ſweetly.

Tim. I am ſure they had gagg'd me, and bound me, and ſtript me almoſt ſtark naked, and lockt me up as faſt as a Butterfly, till ſhe came and made me a man again; and therefore I have reaſon to love her the longeſt day I have to live.

Iſa. I, and the longeſt night too, or you are too blame. And you have one argument I love you, if the proverb be true, for I took you almoſt in your bare ſhirt.

Burr. So much for us *Failer*!

Con. Well my Lord, it had as good at firſt as at laſt: I muſt beg your Lordſhips bleſſing for this Gentleman and my ſelf,

both kneel.

Non. Why you are not married to him I hope! he's married to the devil.

Lov. 'Twas a white Devil of your Lordſhips getting then; Mr. *Setſtone*, and the Reverend here can witneſs it.

Set. Par. We muſt ſpeak truth my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your ſake, you ſhould ne'r ſee peny of my money.

Lov. Thank you my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Iſa. Come Nuncle 'tis in vain to hold out now 'tis paſt remedy: 'tis like the laſt Act of a Play when People muſt marry; and if fathers will not conſent then, they ſhould throw Oranges at u'm from the Galleries: why ſhould you ſtand off to keep us from a dance?

Non. But there's one thing ſtill that troubles me, that's her great belly, and my own too.

Con. Nay for mine my Lord, 'tis vaniſh'd already: 'twas but a trick to catch the old one.

Lov. But I'll do my beſt, ſhe ſhall not be long without another.

Iſa. But as for your great belly Nuncle, I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your guts.

Loveby. 'Tis ſuch a pretty ſmart raſcal; 'tis well I am pleaſ'd with my own choice; but I could have got ſuch Hectors and Poets and Gameſters out of thee.

Cam-

Con. No no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; want would have ſo ſharpned you upon one another.

Iſa. A Wit ſhould naturally be joynd to a fortune; by the ſame reaſon your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Con. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married; we two Fortunes muſt have built Hoſpitals with our money, we could never have ſpent it elſe.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers debts with it.

Iſa. Well, to ſhew I am in charity with my Enemies, I'll make a motion: while we are in Town let us hire a large houſe, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer.*——

Fail. Shall be utterly diſcarded; I knew 'twould come to that I vow to gad.

Iſa. Shall be our Gheſts.

Burr *and* Failer *throw up their Caps, and cry* Vivi, Madame Iſabelle.

Lov. And *Bibber* ſhall make our Wedding Cloaths without truſting.

Bib. No, hence forward I'll truſt none but landed men; and ſuch as have houſes and apple-trees in the Country: now I have got a Place in the Cuſtomehouſe.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman ſhould go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and ſee whether the Queens Majeſties Dreſſer ſhould not take place of any Knights Wife in Chriſtendom.

Bib. Now all will out.——no more good *Frances;*

Franc. I will ſpeak, that I will, ſo I will: what! ſhall I be a Dreſſer to the Queens Majeſty, and no body muſt know on't; I'll ſend Mr. Church-warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to St. *Brides* Church (if ever you come to Church Gentlemen) you ſhall ſee me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Loveby's* Worſhip for't.

Loveby. Spare your thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late; the Place is gone; and ſo is yours *Will*; but you ſhall have 200 *l.* for't ne, if that will ſatisfie you.

Franc. this is better news as they ſay,

Lov.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife *Will*: where are thy fiddles? a dance ſhould do it:

Bib. I'll run and call u'm.

Iſa. I have found out that will comfort her: henceforward I chriſten her by the name of *Madam Bibber.*

All. A Madam *Bibber*, A Madam *Bibber.*

Franc. Why, I thank you ſweet Gentlemen and Ladies, this is a Cordial to my drooping ſpirits: I confeſs I was a little eclipſ'd; but I'll chear up with abundance of love, as they ſay. Strike up fiddles. —

Lov. That's a good Wench.

Dance.

Trice. This Muſick, and a little nod has recover'd me; I'll in and provide for the Sack-Poſſet.

Non. To bed, to bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby* get me a boy to night, and I'll ſettle three thouſand a year upon him the firſt day he calls me Grandfire.

Lov. I'll do my beſt.

To make the bargain ſure before I ſleep,
Where Love and money ſtrike, the blow goes deep.

EPI-

EPILOGUE to the WILD GALLANT, as it was first Acted.

THe Wild Gallant *has quite playd out his game;*
He's marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Critiques swear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet though our Poet's threatned most by these,
They are the only People he can please:
For he to humour them, has shown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been shown
The greatest Wits and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occasion having brought you here
You are too grateful to become severe.
There is not any Person here so mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him choose his Judges then,
He boldly names true English Gentlemen:
For he ne'r thought a handsome Garb or Dress,
So great a Crime to make their Judgement less:
And with these Gallants he these Ladies joyns,
To judge that Language their Converse refines.
But if their Censures should condemn his Play,
Far from Disputing, he does only pray
He may Leanders *Destiny obtain:*
Now spare him, drown him when he comes again.

EPILOGUE to the WILD GALLANT revived.

OF all *Dramatique Writing, Comick Wit,*
As 'tis the best, so 'tis most hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may spye.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every publick Street;
In which, if e'r the Poet go astray
You all can point, 'twas there he lost his way.

But,

But, What's so common, to make pleasant too,
Is more than any wit can always do.
For 'tis, like Turkes, *with* Hen *and* Rice *to treat;*
To make regallio's out of common meat.
But, in your Diet you grow Salvages:
Nothing but Humane flesh your taste can please:
And, as their Feasts with slaughter'd slaves began,
So you, at each new Play, must have a Man.
Hither you come, as to see Prizes fought;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry the Prize is naught.
But fooles grow wary now; and when they see
A Poet eyeing round the Company,
Straight each man for himself begins to doubt;
They shrink like Seamen when a Press comes out.
Few of 'em will be found for Publick use.
Except you charge an Oph upon each house,
Like the Traind-Bands, and every man ingage
For a sufficient Foole to serve the Stage.
And, when with much adoe you get him there,
Where he in all his glory shou'd appear,
Your Poets make him such rare things to say,
That he's more wit than any Man ith' Play.
But of so ill a mingle with the rest,
As when a Parrat's taught to break a jeast.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a show
As tawdry Squires in Country Churches do.
Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make
A Comedy, which should the knowing take:
That our dull Poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg by me his writ of ease.
'Tis a Land-tax which he's too poor to pay;
You, therefore, must some other impost lay.
Would you but change for serious Plot and Verse
This mottley ga niture of Fool and Farce,
Nor scorn a Mode, because 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like Vests, our Gravity become;
Our Poet yields you should this Play refuse,
As Tradesmen, by the change of fashions, lose
With some content their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their staple Trade advance.

FINIS.